

THE HOME:

A Monthly for the Wife, the Mother, the Sister, and the Daughter.

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A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

BY MRS. H. E. G. AREY.

"Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."
MATT. 19,—14.

AND they forbade them! Did they deem that He
Whose very name is Love, would turn aside
And shun the little children? They who bear
Love's first embodiment from heaven to earth?
Who bring their trailing robes of innocence,

By seraphs fashioned, and by angels wrought,
This side the vail that shuts us from the light,
And teach us all we know of faith and bliss?

And he rebuked them: "Except ye become
Even as these children in your trusting faith,—
Even as these children in your purity,
Ye can not enter there." And in his arms
He took, and lo! he blessed them.

Oh! my God,
Thou unto me hast given these gifts of love,
To watch and guard for Thee. These priceless gems,
To keep the halo of their heavenly light,
Undimmed by earth—their gold unstained. Ah, me!
The rust of earth corrodeeth. Battling clouds
Gather full oft, to shut out even the light
In which the diamond glories. And pure faith
Lacketh the ray it feeds on. Moths corrupt,
And when the watchers rest, there comes a snare,
How shall I keep these treasures? I am frail
And poor in wisdom. Father, help thou me;
Oh! give me strength to guide them 'mid the toils,
And through the wilderness, with trusting feet
And murmured praises to the plains beyond.
For I have noble sons and daughters fair,
Unto my vision as life's fairest dreams,
And dearer than existence. Give me skill
To guide them with firm hand, the narrow path
That leadeth unto life, that they may grow
From the warm love and trust of infancy,
To the strong holdings of maturer age,
Grounded in righteousness—firm as the cliffs
That meet the shock of ocean, nerved to bear
The blinding onset of the foes of truth.
And knowing this, when Thou shalt call me home,
With my sweet mission ended, to go first
To the eternal mansions, let me wait
Beside the bubbling of those living founts,
To greet them one by one, as they come up
Amid the ransomed, that when Thou shalt call,
I may say meekly: "Father, here am I,
And those whom Thou hast given me."

A BALLAD OF THE SEA.

I HAVE seen a fiercer tempest,
 Known a louder whirlwind blow;
 I was wreck'd off red Algiers,
 Six-and-thirty years ago.
 Young I was — and yet old seamen
 Were not strong or calm as I;
 While life held such treasures for me,
 I felt sure I could not die.

Life I struggled for — and saved it;
 Life alone — and nothing more;
 Bruised, half dead, alone and helpless,
 I was cast upon the shore.
 I feared the pitiless rocks of Ocean;
 So the great sea rose — and then
 Cast me from her friendly bosom,
 On the pitiless hearts of men.

Gaunt and dreary ran the mountains
 With black gorges up the land;
 Up to where the lonely Desert
 Spreads her burning, dreary sand;
 In the gorges of the mountains,
 On the plain beside the sea,
 Dwelt my stern and cruel masters,
 The black Moors of Barbary.

Ten long years I toil'd among them,
 Hopeless — as I used to say;
 Now I know Hope burned within me
 Fiercer, stronger, day by day:
 Those dim years of toil and sorrow
 Like one long, dark dream appear;
 One long day of weary waiting —
 Then each day was like a year.

How I curs'd the land — my prison;
 How I curs'd the serpent sea,
 And the Demon Fate, that shower'd
 All her curses upon me;
 I was mad, I think — God pardon
 Words so terrible and wild —
 This voyage would have been my last one,
 For I left a wife and child.

Never did one tender vision
 Fade away before my sight,
 Never once through all my slavery,
 Burning day or dreary night;
 In my soul it lived, and kept me,
 Now I feel, from black despair,
 And my heart was not quite broken,
 While they liv'd and bless'd me there.

When at night my task was over,
 I would hasten to the shore,
 (All was strange and foreign inland,
 Nothing I had known before.)
 Strange look'd the bleak mountain passes,
 Strange the red glare and black shade,
 And the Oleanders, waving
 To the sound the fountains made.

Then I gazed at the great Ocean,
 Till she grew a friend again;

And because she knew old England,
 I forgave her all my pain:
 So the blue, still sky above me,
 With its white clouds' fleecy fold,
 And the glimmering stars, though brighter,
 Look'd like home and days of old.

And a calm would fall upon me,
 Worn, perhaps, with work and pain;
 The wild, hungry longing left me,
 And I was myself again:
 Looking at the silver waters,
 Looking up at the far sky,
 Dreams of home and all I left there
 Floated sorrowfully by.

A fair face, but pale with sorrow,
 With blue eyes, brimful of tears,
 And the little red mouth, quivering
 With a smile, to hide its fears;
 Holding out her baby toward me,
 From the sky she looked on me;
 So it was that I last saw her,
 As the ship put out to sea.

Sometimes (and a pang would seize me
 That the years were floating on)
 I would strive to paint her, alter'd,
 And the little baby gone:
 She no longer young and girlish,
 The child standing by her knee,
 And her face, more pale and sadden'd
 With the weariness for me.

Then I saw, as night grew darker,
 How she taught my child to pray,
 Holding its small hands together,
 For its father, far away;
 And I felt her sorrow, weighing
 Heavier on me than mine own;
 Pitying her blighted spring-time,
 And her joy so early flown.

Till upon my hands (now harden'd
 With the rough, harsh toil of years)
 Bitter drops of anguish, falling,
 Woke me from my dream, to tears;
 Woke me as a slave, an outcast,
 Leagues from home, across the deep;
 So — though you may call it childish —
 So I sobbed myself to sleep.

Well, the years sped on — my sorrow
 Calmer, and yet stronger grown,
 Was my shield against all suffering,
 Poorer, meaner than her own.
 So my cruel master's harshness
 Fell upon me all in vain,
 Yet the tale of what we suffer'd
 Echoed back from main to main.

You have heard in a far country
 Of a self-devoted band,
 Vow'd to rescue Christian captives
 Pining in a foreign land.
 And these gentle-hearted strangers
 Year by year go forth from Rome,

In their hands the hard-earned ransom
To restore some exiles home.

I was freed: they broke the tidings
Gently to me; but indeed
Hour by hour sped on, I knew not
What the words meant — I was freed!
Better so, perhaps, while sorrow
(More akin to earthly things)
Only strains the sad heart's fibres —
Joy, bright stranger, breaks the strings.

Yet at last it rush'd upon me,
And my heart beat full and fast;
What were now my years of waiting,
What was all the dreary past?
Nothing, to the impatient throbbing
I must bear across the sea;
Nothing to the eternal hours
Still between my home and me!

How the voyage pass'd, I know not;
Strange it was once more to stand
With my countrymen around me,
And to clasp an English hand.
But, through all, my heart was dreaming
Of the first words I should hear,
In the gentle voice that echoed
Fresh as ever, on my ear.

Should I see her start of wonder,
And the sudden truth arise,
Flushing all her face, and lightening
The dimm'd splendor of her eyes?
Oh! to watch the fear and doubting
Stir the silent depths of pain,
And the rush of joy — then melting
Into perfect peace again.

And the child! — but why remember
Foolish fancies that I thought?
Every tree and every hedge-row
From the well-known past I brought:
I would picture my dear cottage,
See the crackling wood-fire burn,
And the two beside it, seated,
Watching, waiting my return.

So, at last we reach'd the harbor,
I remember nothing more
Till I stood, my sick heart throbbing
With my hand upon the door.
There I paused — I heard her speaking;
Low, soft murmuring words she said;
Then I first knew the dumb terror
I had had, lest she were dead.

It was evening in late autumn,
And the gusty wind blew chill;
Autumn leaves were falling round me,
And the red sun lit the hill.
Six-and-twenty years are vanish'd
Since then — I'm old and gray —
But I never told to mortal
What I saw, until this day.

She was seated by the fire,
In her arms she held a child,
Whispering baby-words caressing,
And then, looking up, she smiled.
Smiled on him who stood beside her —
Oh! the bitter truth was told!
In her look of trusting fondness
I had seen the look of old.

But she rose and turned toward me,
(Cold and dumb I waited there,)
With a shriek of fear and terror,
And a white face of despair.
He had been an ancient comrade —
Not a single word we said,
While we gazed upon each other,
He the living: I the dead!

I drew nearer, nearer to her,
And I took her trembling hand,
Looking on her white face, looking
That her heart might understand
All the love and all the pity
That my lips refused to say!
I thank God no thought save sorrow
Rose in our crush'd hearts that day.

Bitter tears that desolate moment,
Bitter, bitter tears we wept,
We three broken hearts together,
While the baby smiled and slept.
Tears alone — no words were spoken,
Till he — till her husband said
That my boy, (I had forgotten
The poor child,) that he was dead.

Then at last I rose, and, turning,
Wrung his hand, but made no sign;
And I stoop'd and kiss'd her forehead
Once more, as if she were mine.
Nothing of farewell I utter'd,
Save in broken words to pray
That God in his great love would bless her,
Then in silence pass'd away.

Over the great restless ocean
For twenty-and-six years I roam;
All my comrades, old and weary,
Have gone back to die at home.
Home! yes, I shall reach a haven,
I, too, shall reach home and rest;
I shall find her waiting for me
With our baby on her breast.

[Selected.]

In the pleasant glance, the genuine
cordiality, the gentle word spoken in
season, perchance to those not accus-
tomed to gentleness, you will be do-
ing real, though humble work for
God — all the more real and the more
acceptable that it is work which none
will know, and none applaud.

AGNES CONWAY; OR, THE
LAST LETTER.

BY MRS. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE.

"Alone! that worn-out word,
So idly spoken, and so coldly heard;
Yet all that poets sing, and grief hath known,
Of hope laid waste, knells in that worst—alone."
THE NEW TIMON.

"Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but fol-
low
Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of the
Saviour."
LONGFELLOW.

THE death hush was upon them, for they knew that the Heavens were rift to let in as pure a spirit as earth had ever claimed. Three girlish figures knelt beside the wasted form, two with heavy sobs half smothered in the drapery of the sick woman's couch, and the other, tearless and calm, saved even the silence from a moan that the departing could breathe her last words into listening ears. The dying mother's hand wandered restlessly from one dear head to another, and finally quieted itself on the palm of her eldest, strongest child.

"Agnes," she began feebly, "you are a woman now, and have a true woman's instinctive shrinking from evil. You are brave and strong, and can follow duty, though inclination beckons you to follow the path you have chosen, and in which I have gladly bidden you God speed. But, Agnes, you must not leave your sisters alone, now that our Heavenly Father has called me to Himself, and I must soon see you no more. It would not be right to take Alice and Annie to your home, and though Edgar Stanhope thinks he could, and would care for them, yet forgive me, Agnes, he is not a true Christian, and might regret his generosity to them; while alone with you, my precious child, he could not be otherwise than good and true. Too heavy a burden upon a young man's spirit galls it—makes it bitter. So long as you stay here with your sisters, your small income will be continued to you, and be sufficient; but if you leave it, 't will go back to your poor step-father's heirs, for so he willed

it, and he was right. They will in time marry, and then you will be at liberty to fulfill your promise to Edgar. God takes me, to leave you in your mother's stead, my child, and I know you will remain with them, direct them, and at last receive your reward." A strange re-echoing of the words "at last—at last," seemed like a prophesy to poor Agnes Conway, but she said not a word. Her mother continued:

"To your care I commend them, and all of you to God. I desire your promise that you will not leave them here unprotected by your watchful care. Can I have it?"

It was solemnly given, but the "at last" kept ringing in the young girl's ears.

"In looking back, life seems so short, but to you it looks long. Could you see it, as I now do from the very verge of the uncounted years, your promise would not seem so great a self-sacrifice, for there is in Heaven no marriages, nor giving in marriage. Your own father, and your step-father, are both in the land of the Eternally Beautiful, and does it matter to either that I was the wife of both? They'll each love me in that upper home, from which I see the angels coming. I tell you this, Agnes, lest you should some time think your dead mother asked too much of her child."

Agnes soothed the fading one, and forgot for a while that she had always sacrificed her own happiness, voluntarily and unknown; to that very mother; and her own comfort had been a secondary consideration to those young and more beautiful sisters; but her unselfish spirit flagged not now that grief was upon them; and to think of joy or youth's sweet hopes at such a time, would have been to her sacrilege. So she promised, solemnly, though unconscious of the weary weight she was taking upon her young life. Upon her other daughter she laid no commands—why should she? Her spiritual eyes discerned enough strength in one for the three. Her soul ebbled out

ter inability, or rather dependence displayed by both her sisters, precluded the possibility of leaving them. She did not see how it could be effected yet. She told him that leaving them took their support forever away. At last she offered tremulously to relinquish his hand to some other one's keeping, as she was not selfish enough to prevent his settlement in a home, he desired so much. She did not fully realize her offer at the time, and had she known he would have accepted it, she might have delayed the pang a little longer, but it would have been done at last. Perhaps she thought the assurance of his unchanging affection would strengthen her to bear the separation better.

Ah! how different is man's heart from woman's! She—Agnes Conway, could have waited, loving still, till her shroud was ready to receive her, and murmured not a word; but Edgar Stanhope was a man—and one, too, as has been said of all his sex, in whose life love is but an episode. He thought himself aggrieved by her fulfillment of that which she considered right, though how gladly she would have relinquished the task, and nestled down by his side to gladden his home.

How eagerly she awaited the reply—hoping—even expecting a refusal of her offer; but when it came, darkness came with it, and settled within and without the little world which held Agnes Conway. 'Twas a sad, regretful letter—a letter full of wishes for future *friendship*—how coldly that word sounds after *love*! and it left no rift thought which the light of hope could glimmer ever so faintly. Her head and heart bowed down into the very dust of crushing grief, and the ashes of all her girlish happiness were strewn in the path she was henceforth to tread—alone.

Her happy sisters were reading a missive from one who had been attracted by their beauty, and who had offered through this same speaking leaf his hand and heart to Alice, and

among the shoreless waves which dash forever against the feet of mortals, and with tearless eyes the eldest daughter assumed the cares and direction of the funeral; and with no helping hand or word from Alice or Annie Conway, she prepared all things necessary for them and herself.

The burial over, the strong weight of her promise lay crushingly upon her. Not that its full bitterness had yet come, but she felt old, and the girlish light had almost passed out from her eyes.

Edgar Stanhope had supported her by the open coffin of her dead mother, and whispered such words of comfort as only love can give at such times, to soothe the poor girl and her sisters. They were to have been married a month ago, but the severe illness of Mrs. Conway prevented all thought of such an event from entering Agnes' mind.

Mr. Stanhope returned to his business in a distant city, and left the maiden who had pledged him her hand long ago, to fulfill her mother's request. He left her reluctantly, but it was no time to urge his wishes when all were so bowed with grief; yet he never dreamed that that promise was to be kept inviolate so many years, nor did he feel with Agnes its sacredness. Time, the great soother of grief to young hearts, had smoothed the keen edge of their sorrow, and the girlish look came back again with the laying aside of the garments of mourning, to the younger sisters; but to Agnes, the "at last" rang out its mournful tone unceasingly.

Letters came often, very often, and were the sweetest drop in life's cup to the dear girl; but then Edgar was getting impatient, and had a right to be, so he thought. Alice and Annie could manage alone now, as almost two years had passed since he saw them, and they were young ladies even then. The sweet sad letters of Agnes—the oft-reiterated ninderance—her promise—she thought ought to satisfy him. She told him of the ut-

his home to both the younger girls, knowing that Agnes had bestowed her life upon one, who but now had thrust it aside.

The "at last" was but too fully comprehended as she read and re-read her doom in the last letter clutched closely in her hand. The whole of earthly joy was in the past — the all of future happiness was beyond the Dark River.

Alice and Annie were exultant in their joyous anticipation, and saw not the doom which hung over their sister-mother. Softly, and uncomplainingly she prepared the young bride for the marriage in the coming spring-time, but revealed not the bitterness of her own cup. They should not drink of the waters of Marah, intended for her lips alone, and so she kept silence. Uncaring who the guests might be, and they were left to the selection, of the girl-bride, who, unquestioning, invited Edgar Stanhope.

The winter wore away, and the spring blossoms had been gathered by the tasteful eldest sister to deck the bridal room and the guest-chambers, but she did not know for whom. When Edgar Stanhope stood before her, repentant as she supposed, and seeking again his heart's old ark, she laid her head upon his bosom and wept, unasking the why of his return. "It was a sudden, a bitterer sorrow, to fold to her aching spirit the truth which came upon her, when she knew that he was only her sister's guest, and came not with yearning for the love he had held so lightly. But her presence had revived it too late — too late! The woman was too strong within her then to give back the old trust, and she turned coldly away, though her heart was breaking, and answered to his earnest pleading:

"It might have been, but not now. It might have been — it might have been!" she kept repeating, "but, Edgar Stanhope, it is too late! You could not watch and wait a little while; and when you returned to me

I thought the blessed memories of long ago — the love of Agnes Conway led you, but I was blinded. Now I see, and it is forever too late to roll the stone from off the buried happiness of the past. It might have been, Edgar — it might have been!"

And so they parted. He to woo the pretty Annie, for she had Agnes' eyes, and she to wait, performing the gentle labors of a Christian woman, for the "at last."

Few may ever look into the hallowed remembrances enshrined in the heart of a lonely woman, and watch them count over their heart treasures, in a silence which is not comprehended by those who mock them in their sorrow for lost hope, lost love and companionships.

The thoughtless laugh at a solitary woman; but of many such the world is not worthy. "Every heart knoweth its own sorrow;" and none so well as those grown bitter in spirit, by drinking a bitter cup in life's experience. Agnes Conway was mortal, but her sweet ministrations to earth's afflicted, made many an one believe that they had entertained an angel *not* unawares.

KNOWLEDGE OF COMMON THINGS.—

A statement was made at the last meeting of the Leicester (Eng.) Board of Guardians, to the effect that, "out of ninety girls and young women in the Workhouse School, there was not one who could iron a shirt, or get up linen properly; and the matron had said, that if not for her private servant, she should be under the necessity of putting this work out of the house to be done." A further statement was made, that persons who had taken girls out of the house as domestic servants, had returned them, saying they rather required waiting upon themselves, than to serve others. Leicester presents but an average specimen of the deplorable ignorance of common things existing in Workhouse Schools generally.

THE LITTLE FLOWER-GIRL.

BY MARY J. CROSMAN.

"COME, my daughter," said Mrs. Elton, "it's time for you to go into the city with your flowers; go, darling, before it gets to be so warm;" and the pale woman turned wearily upon her couch, drawing aside the curtain at her head, that the morning air might allay the fever-heat that was crimsoning either cheek.

"Please to let me finish my seam first, mother," replied Hattie, "for you know this garment must be done to-night."

"Yes, dear, but I shall feel better toward noon, and then I can help some."

"I am sure the ladies will like those bouquets, aren't you? those flowers are so early, and they look so bright and fresh, little darlings, I love every one of them," continued Hattie, to divert her mother's attention.

Hattie Elton was the only child of a poor widow. Their home in the suburbs of S. . . ., with its climbing vines, its bordered flower-beds and walk, had a cheerful, virtuous aspect, unlike most others in that locality. Mrs. Elton, by the work of her hands and a small annuity from her father's estate, was enabled to keep off hunger, and stern want; but for her child, she strongly desired to do something more. True, she taught her all that she could herself, and through the kindness of a friend she had been freely received as a day-scholar, for one term, at Miss Henderson's boarding-school.

But there was one passionate hope in Hattie's heart strong as life, yet no prospects favored its realization. This hope was the golden woof of all her dreams, and the nucleus around which clustered a world of brightness. To learn music had been the aim of all her humble efforts, and she had hoped that money enough might be reserved from their necessary wants to obtain one term of lessons, at least. Mrs. Elton, too, labored diligently with

this thought in view, but so many demands upon their slender purse constantly deferred the hope, making her heart sick.

* * * * *

"There goes that little flower-girl again," said Frank Wilson to his friend, as they were lounging and taking lunch in a spacious restaurant on Bank St. "Hasn't she a charming face, Ned? — but I'd give more for one of her golden curls than all the flowers I ever saw — unless her hand had cultivated them;" and the fearless, handsome eyes of Frank gave a defiant look to the fastidious Ned.

"Upon my word, Frank, how chivalrous! There goes a little match-peddler — German — for a change. Ah! I have it now — you are studying their languages to have a better choice among the occupations; better write Miss Petrancourt a note pleading misplaced affection, and stake your honor against securing those afore-mentioned tresses."

"If I conclude to follow your advice, you shall have the desired chance in that young lady's affections, with her permission," said Frank, bowing a good-morning as he left for the street.

"Frank," said his mother, meeting him in the stair-case as he reached home, "send Billy here; I want him to carry this basket home for Miss Elton."

"I prefer to go myself, mother; I haven't had half a walk yet."

"Fearless of losing caste, I suppose," said Mrs. Wilson, smiling as Frank tossed his cap on to the hat-tree, and followed her to the sitting-room.

* * * * *

"Oh, mother! see what I have brought you," said Hattie, placing her basket upon the bed-side; "here is some nice food Mrs. Wilson thought you would relish; then, I have a pine-apple and some oranges; and this is some excellent syrup for your cough. How kind she is to us, and

always inquires with so much feeling after you. I should love her for that alone; she said she should come and call on us before long. Now, do lay by your work, mother," said Hattie, with a pleading look; "and I will make some tea, and get you a delightful little dinner."

So Mrs. Elton complied with the request, gazing fondly at Hattie as she hastened about with a cheerful step, narrating, meanwhile, the details of her visit.

"Kate played and sung for me," she continued, "and Mrs. Wilson said she had a plan in her mind for me this fall, telling me to learn all I could from books till then. So I did n't have to spend any of the money and it can be laid by for — whatever we wish," she added, after a moment's pause.

"Who brought your basket for you, Hattie?"

"Frank Wilson; he wanted to walk farther, and said he would come this way — it made the walk a good deal shorter, having company," said Hattie, slightly coloring.

A tear of gratitude dimmed the eye of Mrs. Elton, for these kindnesses were another assurance that God would remember the orphan.

As summer advanced, the invalid grew worse. The Wilsons' had left the city for their summer residence, else the widow's heart had been gladdened with earthly promises, and the sick-room made brighter by the smiles and comforts of a sympathizing friend. As the shadows darkened in the perspective before her, how Hattie longed for the counsels of Mrs. Wilson — but she suffered on in silence. The mother's heart was shaken with bitter grief. Must she die? Must she leave her child orphaned and alone? It was the hour for faith's triumphant victory, or for doubt and despair, to lead the soul captive by turbid waters, and beneath frowning skies. The long, dark night wore on, and at length the red light of morning made glorious the east. The conflict in the

mother's soul was ended, and lo, the victor-garland of the Heaven-born was upon her brow. The angel of the Covenant had passed that way, and she saw that the promises of the Most High could never fail.

The death-scene, the burial — where but one mourner wept — and the hurrying on of business arrangements, followed each other in quick succession. After defraying all expenses, there seemed to be no alternative for Hattie, so the alms-house was selected by those in charge. She gathered together her scanty wardrobe, her books, and the mementoes of her mother; the officer placed her in his little wagon, and they drove away.

"Shall we go on Clark street, sir?" said Hattie, after they had ridden a little way in silence.

"No, bless you, child, Clark street is off that way two or three miles. Have you got any relation there you wanted to see?" continued he, after a moment's pause.

"I would like to have gone to my mother's grave," replied Hattie, with a tremulous voice.

"Well, you shall go there then," said the kind-hearted Mr. Welch, turning about his horse, as he spoke; "if we don't get out yonder till night, it'll be time enough, I reckon, and this ere is my last job for to-day."

"How long do you want to stay here, little girl?" said Mr. Welch an hour after, as Hattie sat by the new-made grave, apparently unconscious of his presence.

"Oh! I never can go away — never, never, never!" sobbed the child, vehemently,

Good Mr. Welch! how he wanted to soothe her in her sorrow — to direct her where he had never been himself, and repeat to her promises half-forgotten, and but half-believed. At this moment there came to his memory a saying which he had often heard, but never before had use for, "Come unto me all ye who are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest;" I'd go to

Him, little girl, for you've sartin got a heavy burden on your young heart;" and Mr. Welch drew the back of his hand across his eyes, as he spake words of comfort to the child.

Passing over Hattie's initiation at the alms-house, we see her in a few days the center of a little sphere, teaching untaught children simple but unknown rudiments, singing to them infant songs, and rehearsing childish stories learned from her mother's lips. To those about her she seemed contented and happy, but within there were restless yearnings for the unattained, and aspirations that could *never* be realized in such a home.

One day the little girls were summoned to the sitting-room, where they were told a visitor wished to see them. The lady in waiting wore such a look of love and benevolence upon her face, that none would have wondered at her seeking a protege from such a group. Hattie's eyes rested upon Mrs. Melvin with delight as she listened eagerly to her kind words; but her choice seemed to fix upon a gay, laughing child, who was quite self-confident for one of her years.

"Yes," said the matron, "that's as bright a child as you'll find; very active—plenty of life."

"Has she any relatives near that you know of?"

"No! her parents are both dead, and I don't know of any one who claims any kin to her," said the resolute-looking woman, who, at heart, was hoping Jennie would be chosen, because she was somewhat troublesome.

Hattie foresaw the choice, and she could not keep back the tears. Her head was bowed, and her slight form quivering with grief. "Oh, if I had only been handsome, she would have taken me!" was her reply to the interrogation of the matron. Mrs. Melvin's heart was touched at the words of the weeping child, and resolved at once to take her. Now the dark eyes and dimpled cheeks of poor

Jennie were wet with tears. Mrs. Melvin hesitated a moment, but it was as natural for her to do good as for the sun to rise and shine, so she took them both.

Hattie's departure called out many expressions of love from those about her. One broken-hearted woman, evidently superior to those about her, and who had known better days, clung to Hattie with maternal fondness, for her last child had but a few months before been laid in a pauper's grave.

"There," said she, as the carriage drove away, "the only sunbeam that has entered my heart for many months is faded and lost; how the darkness closes in! Oh, God, take me where the light *never* fades!" said she, with a wild emphasis.

A week of suffering for poor Mary Erwin, and her prayer was answered. Life's fitful day had closed—its rosy morning glittering with dreams and realities—its noon-day hung with weeping clouds, its setting sun, clear and unclouded, betokening a bright to-morrow.

"Oh, Mrs. Melvin, is this your house?" exclaimed both the little girls, as they drew up to a princely dwelling in the village of B. . . . Noble forest trees interwove their branches above; the shadowy lawn, and every thing bespoke that comfort and happiness to which the inanimate bears its silent testimony.

Mr. and Mrs. Melvin had shared abundantly in the gifts of fortune, and as yet, had not forgotten the Scripture injunction, "Freely ye have received, freely give."

After a few days, an acquaintance of Mrs. Melvin's, was desirous of adopting one of the girls as her own, to which Mrs. Melvin assented, by giving her Jennie.

Weeks and months passed by. Hattie, under the tutelage of accomplished teachers, was making rapid improvement, especially in her favorite science, music. In the hearts of her foster-parents, she held a high place, and was striving daily to be

more worthy of their tender care. She ran to meet Mr. Melvin at the gate. She brought for him the last paper, sat the arm-chair in its accustomed place, and with many other acts of kindness, gained his love. Mrs. Melvin noted with astonishment the change in Hattie's appearance, since selecting her from that group of the motherless; then her eye was less bright, her step far less buoyant, and her curls had been shorn off in keeping with the usual customs of the place. She was of delicate organization, and her features finely molded, wore often a higher beauty, the heart expressions from which they mirrored forth. In the happiness of her new home, Hattie often recalled the last conversation with her mother, when, with tearful eyes, she asked, "What will become of me?" and the hopeful but tremulous answer, "The Lord will provide." That promise had been verified.

Years had gone by, until six were numbered. As Hattie became advanced in her studies, Mr. Melvin resolved, at the urgent solicitations of her teacher, to give her the opportunity of a thorough musical education.

A year had nearly passed in the beautiful town of S. . . ., and teachers and pupils were looking forward to the close of the term, and making arrangements amid hope and anxiety, for the coming exhibition.

* * * * *

"A letter for Miss Elton," was the announcement which fell upon Hattie's ear, as the errand-boy distributed the mail.

"Oh! I'm so glad it's from home!" she exclaimed to a friend; "I've been so anxious to hear, all the week, and should have written to-night, had not this letter come." But the letter cast a shade of sorrow over her brow, and tear-drops stained the page as she read. Mrs. Melvin had been dangerously ill, and was even then in a critical position, though some hope was entertained of her recovery. Mr. Melvin stated that the name of "Hat-

tie" was often upon her lips, though in her lucid moments, she chose to have her remain until the term closed. With Hattie, the paths of duty and inclination led homeward, and thither she resolved to go, even though teacher and pupils remonstrated. Joy and surprise attended her advent home, and the sick-chamber gave glad tokens of her presence.

"Why did you come, my child?" said Mrs. Melvin.

"Because I thought you wanted me to, Auntie." (Uncle and Aunt were the terms by which Hattie had always addressed Mr. and Mrs. Melvin.)

"So I should, my dear, if it had n't been so great a sacrifice."

"I could not make too great a personal sacrifice for you or Uncle—but you must rest now; let me bathe your temples again, and smooth these pillows."

With the passing months, Mrs. Melvin mended slowly, and as the heat of summer increased, accompanied by Mr. Melvin and Hattie, she sought to quaff from the healthful fountains of Saratoga, the vigor and health yet unrecovered.

"Wife," said Mr. Melvin playfully, as the trio sat in the drawing-room the third day after their arrival at the Springs, "you noticed that gentleman who sits opposite us at the table—well, I really think he is in love with Hattie, that young lady's opinion to the contrary notwithstanding." And Mr. Melvin gave a half-defiant nod to the blushing girl, as if to say, "Prove the contrary if you can."

"Perhaps your judgment is too hasty," suggested Mrs. Melvin.

"Ah! but you understand the suit has commenced on me already," was the confident reply.

The next morning, as Mrs. Melvin and Hattie waited for Mr. Melvin to finish his fifth glass, Mr. Clarabel, the gentleman alluded to, accosted his new acquaintance with evident pleasure, and was in turn presented to the ladies, and accompanied them back to the hotel.

On a subsequent evening, when ladies and gentlemen were promenading the deep piazzas, (for the bright moonlight descended with such a bewitching radiance, that the cool breezes without became doubly inviting,) and others were gathered in social knots about the parlors, Mr. Clarabel, who was sitting by Hattie, begged to accompany her to one of the pianos, adding, "That he was tired of the rattling to which they had listened."

"Oh, do play for us, Miss Elton," urged a lady near, at Hattie's unwillingness to comply.

"Please give us the piece you sung yesterday," pleaded Nettie Lawrence, a fresh, young creature, whom Hattie could but love.

Rich, full, and clear were those tones which accompanied the music, varying in softness and strength as the spirit with which the poet had imbued the words directed; and the music had a power like magic over those restless pleasure-seekers in adjoining rooms, and beneath the airy porticoes. Miss Elton was not allowed to leave the piano, until several pieces had been played. As she did so, leaning on the arm of Mr. Clarabel, Nettie Lawrence reached upward to her ear and whispered, "You do n't know how highly that old German critic, Von Alstein, has been complimenting you, but I'd a thousand times rather have Mr. Clarabel's smiles than all his praises; had n't you?"

Miss Elton smiled at Nettie's enthusiasm, and followed to the inviting seat her attendant proffered. Mr. Clarabel, by the way, was a traveled gentleman, wore an elegant mustache, and had a fine figure, of which the tailor had not been unmindful. He had good features, good eyes, and the organ of self-esteem sufficiently developed. His manners had been polished after a foreign pattern; his character as a whole, was more showy than substantial, and its gold, though glittering, had not the true ring. Nevertheless, he was an accomplished gallant, and generally a successful lover, as

the hearts of many young ladies could testify. In the present case, however, he was doomed to disappointment, though his suit was urged with an enthusiasm worthy of success.

During the third week of their stay at Saratoga, Mr. Melvin received a line from home one morning, requiring his presence as soon as he could return. Laying the information before his wife and Hattie, they decided at once to pack up and be ready for the three o'clock train in the afternoon. Mr. Clarabel bade Harriet a sad adieu, for his superficial nature had been more deeply stirred by this last love than by any previous.

Summer waned, autumn came and went, and winter had installed himself monarch amid the music of cold, rough winds, and beating snows. It was the time for Hattie to leave the family circle, and finish the term allotted to her musical education, which illness had interrupted. It was fine sleighing, and the distance between the railway station and Institution, was being gayly measured off by a pair of coal-black steeds, somewhat gaudily bedecked, and a light pleasure-sleigh, furnished with handsome robes and a good-natured driver. After a year's absence, it was with high pleasure that she witnessed the snow-clad hills of S. . . ., its glittering spires, and the familiar surroundings of the Institution, whose cherished walls would soon enclose her. The room assigned her, had already one occupant, a fine-looking, dark-eyed girl, her countenance beaming with good-humor and gayety. She had just returned from a walk, and was laying off a sable talma of rich proportions as Hattie entered.

"Miss Elton, allow me to introduce to you Miss Wilson, your future room-mate."

Civilities were exchanged, a few moments' pleasant conversation ensued, and the teacher retired. Then the vail of intervening years was uplifted, and those two young ladies were children again in Mr. Wilson's parlor, the one enrapturing the other's

heart with notes of melody, and the voice of song.

How had the scene changed! The child of poverty had become the foster child of wealth, and the glorious art that glittered above her childish dreams, nearer and anon more remote, but ever scorning contact, had come down and made its dwelling-place her soul. But sad memories came on apace—precious dust had mingled with its mother earth, and the heart had long been cold and still which would have beat so fondly at the joy of her child.

"Now," said Kate, "I shall write home to-morrow and tell mother all about you. How many times she has spoken of you, always wondering where you were, and wishing that she might see you once more. Brother Frank, too, will open his eyes with wonder, and say, 'Well, I declare! that's just in keeping with Kate's every-day adventures.'"

"I remember your mother with a great deal of love, and indeed I had not forgotten any of your dear family," said Hattie, with emotion; "and I must write home, too—this is a pleasure I had not even dreamed of."

"Yes, it's certainly marvelous," replied Kate, her eyes dilating with glee; "I'm thinking what a sensation it will give them all at home, and I'm glad Frank is there to enjoy it—he only come from college two weeks ago; but, do you know I have miniatures of the whole family with me! yes, here they are," said she, giving her curls a toss. "I remember, now, sister Em put them in my escritoir, thinking I'd write the sooner."

"A little changed," said Harriet, as she gazed at Mr. and Mrs. Wilson.

"There, now, look at brother Frank," said Kate, after giving an affectionate glance at the open case.

Harriet almost feared to, lest it should efface the boy-image that for years had hung in the picture gallery of her heart; but, instead, it was deepened, enlarged, and beautified.

Swift-footed months bore the closing exercises from the future to the acting, living present. Rehearsals, and other preliminary arrangements were over at last. Among the assembling visitors at Concert Hall were Frank Wilson, and an intimate friend, Henry Livingston. That the evening entertainment had fulfilled the hopes of teachers and students, was evident from the admiration and applause of the audience.

As Frank Wilson, after the concluding piece was sung, was pressing his way to the stage for an opportunity to speak with Kate, he felt the tapping of a fan upon his shoulder, and on looking the way indicated, found she was much nearer him than he had supposed.

"Here," said she, "I've had my eye on you this long time."

"On somebody near me, you mean," replied he, with a smile, as he turned to discover the whereabouts of his friend.

"Hav'n't we done admirably?" said Kate; "let's hear the truth, now."

"We! it would be a miracle of patience if you could wait for compliments, wouldn't it?" replied her brother, with a look which bespoke both admiration and pride; "but wait a moment—back in the crowd a little is one who has already bestowed some flatteries on you," he added; and in a moment Kate with a happy blush extended her hand to Mr. Livingston.

"Who was that played a duett with you, Kate? her singing took my heart captive. I'm sure if I had been engaged, Charlie, my vows would have been shaken," said Frank, playfully, turning to his friend.

"Why, that's dear Hattie Elton, of whom I have written so much. Come, let's go and see her."

Frank felt an inward assurance that it was so, but yet hardly dared cherish the thought.

It was a happy party that left the Institution the next day. Hattie, at

the urgency of her friend, visited Mr. Wilson's on her way home, to which Frank accompanied her.

Frank spent three or four days under the hospitable roof of Mr. Melvin.

"A package from home!" said he, on one of those days to Hattie, as he came in from the street. "Here's a letter for you, from Kate, I should judge."

Next came one for himself from the same source, then another, over which he bent with pleasure and surprise. Harriet had finished her letter, and Frank, putting on the look of an honest inquirer, asked:

"Did you become acquainted with a Mr. Clarabel at the Springs?"

"Yes! I should think that was the name," said she, rather hesitating as she spoke.

"I have a letter from him here. Ned and I have been acquainted ever since boyhood. Late years, however, we haven't met very often, as he went abroad about the time I entered college."

"Indeed! but are you sure it's the same person?"

"I will read a short extract of his letter, and then you may judge: 'It's a miserable March day, Frank, and being cut off from my usual resources without, and having finished the last novel by midnight oil, (which leaves me with the headache and the blues to-day,) under these disadvantages I am going to make an infliction upon your patience. Old Time is working changes with me, Frank. I'm tired of shadows and bubbles of air; I've chased them long enough—that's true. But now for a little heart history. Last year at Saratoga I made the acquaintance of a Miss Elton. I will not try to describe her, but she played and sung divinely. We were very different, but like the opposite pole of a magnet, I found myself strongly attracted toward her; the trouble was, the attraction was not mutual. This truth proved that I had hitherto been in the wrong, by

supposing that I was minus the appendage of a heart.' There, I'll spare your blushes, now, Hattie, if you are convinced," said Frank, with a confident look.

It was years before that Ned Clarabel had spoken so sneeringly of "The Little Flower-Girl," but in the mind of Frank, its memory was still green.

In another twelvemonth, Mr. and Mrs. Melvin gave the parental hand to one highly approved, and Mr. Clarabel received a wedding-card with this inscription: "Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wilson—the left hand corner bearing the name of "HATTIE ELTON."

A HOME WITHOUT A DAUGHTER.

"A HOME without a girl in it, is only half blest; it is an orchard without blossoms, and a spring without a song. A house full of sons is like Lebanon with its cedars, but daughters by the fireside are like the roses in Sharon."

Well may the daughter of a household be compared to the apple-blossoms, spring songs, and the roses of Sharon! When she is there, the eye and the ear of those who love her are satisfied; when she departs, she carries with her the golden treasures she was wont to dispense.

Boys may not lack affection, but they may lack tenderness. They may not be wanting in inclination to contribute their quota to the paradise of home, but they may be wanting in the ability to carry out their inclinations. The son of a house is like a young and vigorous sapling—the daughter is like a fragile vine. Their natures are different—their constitutions, temperament, tastes, habits, are different. We may not love Cæsar less if we love Rome more.

We knew a home which once rejoiced in the sunny smiles and musical accents of an only daughter.

She was a lovely child — womanly beyond her years —

"Full of gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy."

The child never breathed who evinced a more affectionate reverence, or a more reverential affection for her parents than did she. Instead of waiting for their commands, she anticipated them — instead of lingering until they made known their wishes, she studied them out. Morning broke not in that house until she woke — the night was not dark until her eyes were closed. How they loved her, her father and mother; and of how many blessed pictures of the future, was she the subject? "It is a fearful thing that Love and Death dwell in the same world," says Mrs. Hemans. Fearful! It is maddening! It is a truth that is linked with despair.

Suddenly like a thief in the night, there came a messenger from heaven for the child, saying, "The Lord hath need of her." She meekly bowed her head, breathed out her little life, and at midnight, "went forth to meet the Bridegroom." The last minute of the last hour of the last day of the last month, was hallowed by her death. She went, and came back no more!

Years have worn away since then, but still there is agony in the household, whose sun went down when she departed. The family circle is incomplete — there is no daughter there! The form that once was here, reposes amid the congenial charms of nature and of art; they have made the place of her rest beautiful. If the grass grows rank upon her grave, it is because it is wet with tears.

Of a truth, "A home without a girl in it, is only half blest; it is an orchard without blossoms, and a spring without a song. A house full of sons, is like Lebanon with its cedars; but daughters by the fireside, are like roses in Sharon."

HAPPINESS was born a twin.

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WHO ARE YOUR ARISTOCRATS?

TWENTY years ago, this one made candles, that one sold cheese and butter, another butchered, a fourth thrived on a distillery, another was a contractor on canals; others were merchants and mechanics. They are acquainted with both ends of society, as their children will be after them — though it will not do to say so out loud! for often you shall find that these toiling wormshatch butterflies — and they live about a year. Death brings a division of property, and it brings new financiers: the old gent is discharged, the young gent takes his revenues, and begins to travel — toward poverty, which he reaches before death, or his children do, if he does not. So that, in fact, though there is a sort of moneyed race, it is not hereditary; it is accessible to all. Three good seasons of cotton, will send a generation of men up — a score of years will bring them all down, and send their children to labor. The father grubs, and grows rich, the children strut, and spend the money. The children in turn inherit the price, and go to shiftless poverty; next their children, re-invigorated by fresh plebian blood, and by the smell of clod, come up again.

Thus society, like a tree, draws its sap from the earth, changes it into leaves, and spreads them abroad in great glory, sheds them off to fall back to the earth, again to mingle with the soil, and at length, to re-appear in new dress and fresh garniture.

LANGUAGE is the amber in which a thousand precious and subtle thoughts have been safely embedded and preserved. It has arrested the thousand lightning flashes of genius, which, unless fixed and arrested, might have been as bright, but would have also been as quickly passing and perishing as lightning.

MY NEIGHBOR'S STEP-SON.

BY MRS. H. E. G. AREY.

CHAPTER VII.

MARY WALLINGFORD.

"Culture's hand
Has scattered verdure o'er the land;
And smiles, and fragrance rule serene,
Where barren wild usurped the scene.
And such is man — a soil which breeds,
Or sweetest flowers, or vilest weeds;
Flowers lovely as the morning light,
Weeds deadly as an aconite;
Just as his heart is trained to bear,
The poisonous weed, or flow'et fair."

BOWRING.

I HAD taken a seat with Wallace on my return from the Falls, and talked with him about his habits — advising him to stay more with his father; trying if he could not be of some assistance to him in his counting-room, when he was out of school, and thus avoid his "ball and alley" friends, against whose approach his father's presence would be a sufficient protection. Wallace objected to this at first, saying that his presence there, would not be agreeable to his father, upon whose notice he did not wish to intrude when he "was not wanted."

When, however, I spoke of his mother, and the pleasure it would have been to her, to know that the two beings dearest to her on earth, would allow no untoward circumstances to separate them, he yielded, promising to make the attempt. But I had little faith in this, except as a temporary expedient to keep him away from his evil associates. So many temptations would creep in, that he could hardly be expected to remain thus at his father's side, with no one to watch and win him. Therefore, when my mind was at leisure from my own domestic cares, it reverted constantly to Wallace, asking with tireless interest, what could be done for the unfortunate boy.

After our visit to Niagara, I saw nothing more of him, and, though I would have been glad to see him, I was well pleased with the delicacy which did not allow him to intrude upon us, without especial invitation. I had thought of a boarding-school for him, but this looked to me a ques-

tionable resort, as I had always looked upon the majority of boys' boarding-schools as such nurseries of mischief; a place where so many young lads are gathered together, many of them of doubtful training, without the affectionate guidance of their parents, and left in their idle hours, to hatch such mischief as they may! — the very restraint necessarily imposed upon them, in order to render such a family at all manageable, being in most cases an additional inducement to evil.

"That is it," I exclaimed, as I sat sewing in my library. I had just laid down the book I was reading, and taken up my work, and was not thinking of Wallace in the least; but the name of Mary Wallingford occurred to me, as if by some intuition, over which I had no control. It was long since I had thought of her till that moment; so entirely do we sometimes lose sight of our early friends amid the busy cares of mature life.

"What is it, mamma?" said Ellen, looking half up from her book, over which she was poring interminably. She was sitting in her usual seat on the lounge by the bay-window, crouched over the book in her lap, with the golden ringlets floating carelessly over her broad, jutting forehead, and sweeping down so as to shade the page with which she was absorbed. I seem to see it yet — the tiny, girlish figure, in the small corner, out of which the years have borne her long ago. Indeed, it was a sight, even when most familiar, upon which my eye never forgot to linger fondly and anxiously. I hardly wondered that even Robert Ford should be attracted toward the bay-window; for, since the leaves had fallen off in the yard, I saw him often as he passed to school, glance furtively in that direction, and drop his eyes again if he found himself observed; and he seldom failed to find my golden-haired Fenella there. She was not beautiful, and yet, even the beggar-boys, and hungry-looking rag-pickers stopped to look at her, as she

passed in the street clinging close to my side. And vacant-looking fashionables peered through their opera-glasses at the wonderful blue of her eyes, which were far more *common-looking* in the street, than when she dared to let their light shine in our own home. Indeed, she was a miracle — my Ellen. Every mother's child is a miracle to her — at least in its infancy; but my Ellen's life never ceased to be this to me, from her birth even to the present hour.

"What is it, mamma?" she said, without looking up.

"I was thinking of an old friend," I replied, glancing at the clock, and perceiving that the hour I allowed her for reading was passed. "You must put up your book, my dear. The hour has passed already."

"Just one moment, mamma," she pleaded, running her fingers in among the leaves.

"Where are you reading?"

"About Madame Roland, in those terrible times."

"Yes, I know, dear, but you know I wish you to learn to lay aside your book at any moment, no matter how interesting. It is an important item in your lesson of self-control."

"Yes, I know, mamma," she said, straightening her queenly neck from its bent position with a bright smile, and laying aside her book.

"And now, for your run in the garden; or, I would prefer, if you will bring me your bonnet, to tie it on for you, and let you go for a half hour to see Mrs. Nelson's little girls. Their lessons are through, and you are indebted to them for two or three visits."

"Oh, mamma!" said Ellen, reluctantly, "I am afraid I shall see some one there. There are always people there."

"Yes, my dear, and it is one of the lessons you must learn, to meet people freely and cordially. You know I am anxious to have you overcome this shrinking from strangers. It is one of your duties."

"I can go to-morrow."

"Well, you may decide for yourself. I wish to have you use your own strength in matters of this kind — not mine. If you think it will be easier to-morrow."

"I will go now," said Ellen, with an effort at resolution.

When I had tied on her bonnet, I rose from my seat and opened the writing-desk, taking from the pigeon-holes some old files of letters — one — two — three years back — yes, this must be the date, and, untying the package, I looked them through, and found the one I wanted. I had known Mary Wallingford well at school, and for some years after our school-days closed, we had kept up an occasional correspondence, but it had ceased long ago, and I had lost sight of her. But I remembered that two or three years since, the letter of a mutual friend had mentioned her, as engaged with her brother-in-law, a clergyman, in a small boarding-school for boys.

I had forgotten whether the place was mentioned, but this was the letter, and on looking it over, I found the name of the school given, but not the locality. Now, was this school still in existence? If so, it was just the place for Wallace; for Mary, I knew, would not fail to be interested in him, and he certainly could not be placed in more judicious hands. I remembered her as the very warm friend of Helen Warland. They were from the same place, somewhere among the mountains in Vermont or New Hampshire — I had forgotten where, for Mary had been south while our correspondence continued. Mary was a strong, decided, loving girl, upon whom Helen had seemed to lean almost implicitly — not that she lacked strength in herself, for I had always thought that, far down amid the loveliness of her untried nature, there was a strength of which she herself was scarcely conscious. But Mary was older than she, and her judgment was of that clear, ready kind,

that even the strongest love to lean upon. If she was still teaching, she could not fail to take a warm interest in the child of Helen Warland. I found a New York paper, and looked over the advertisements for schools. Yes, there it was! a new advertisement, with the name of the principal, which I remembered to be that of the young clergyman, Mary's sister had married while we were at school, and the locality — a town in New Jersey.

I believe in special providences. That very afternoon, as we were riding on the Lake Shore road, Mr. Mills got out of the carriage, and went with the boys to gather some flowers at a distance, leaving the reins in my hands. We had drawn up at one side of the road, and while I sat with Ellen in the carriage, waiting for their return, Mr. Heber passed, and seeing who it was, drew his rein, to thank me for the pleasure Wallace had evidently received from his visit to the Falls, and to say that he was a much better boy since. "At least when with me," he corrected himself by saying, "and he seems to be quite willing to remain with me." He had no doubt that this improvement was something for which he had to thank me. I told him how glad I was to hear of this improvement, and he went on with some hesitation to say, that he had some thought of sending him away from home, did not know but a boarding-school would be a good place for him. Mrs. Heber did not think so. She was sure he would not stay in such a place for a week.

"There can be no harm in trying," I replied. "I have been thinking of the same thing for him myself."

"Do you know any thing of these schools?" he asked, just as Mr. Mills came back to the carriage, returning his salutation as he approached.

"I have thought of one," I said, "that I think may do. I will make inquiries if you like."

"I shall be very glad if you will take the trouble," he answered, with a

bow, and his restless horse bore him rapidly out of sight.

I received an immediate answer from my early friend, on writing to her concerning Wallace. The number to which their school was limited, was already full, but her brother-in-law, at her request, had consented to receive Wallace at once. She manifested much pleasure in the prospect of having the son of her early friend placed in her charge, and seemed anxious that the project should not fall through. I had simply mentioned in my letter, that I thought Wallace was unfortunately situated at home, and told her of the close and earnest care I thought it would require, in order to redeem the really noble nature which had become so sadly warped and bent.

In reply to this, she said: "If you have not already mentioned my name in connection with the school to Mr. Heber, let me request that you will not do so. I may give you a reason for this at some time. The name of my brother-in-law he will not recognize." Then he would recognize her name. And if he knew her, why should she object to his knowing the relation she was about to sustain to his son? If he were acquainted with her, it seemed to me the strongest argument that could be used for the furtherance of our wishes. But then, I considered Mr. Heber had, indolently, perhaps, confided the matter entirely to me, and that no argument was needed, for the purpose of gaining his consent to place Wallace in the Fair Meadow school. And on the other hand, I had too much confidence in my old friend, to believe that any other than a reasonable motive had dictated her request. Dear Mary Wallingford! I had known her both as teacher and pupil, for she was retained in our school as a teacher after she had graduated, and there was no lack in the faith I had, that she was just such a person as would understand and influence Wallace for the best.

The arrangements were soon made

— not, as I understood, without some opposition from Mrs. Heber; but in this instance, her husband seemed to have decided upon the exercise of his own judgment, and Wallace wrote us only a few weeks from the time of our visit to the Falls, of his pleasant surroundings in the school at Fair Meadow. "There is a teacher here," he said, in his letter to Jamie and Hartson, "that reminds me very much of your mother. I am sure I shall get on finely with her, she is so kind to me."

CHAPTER VIII.

SCHOOL.

"It is sure,
Stamped by the seal of nature, that the well
Of mind, where all its waters gather pure,
Shall with unquestioned spell all hearts allure
Wisdom enshrined in beauty. Oh! how high
The order of that loveliness."

PERCIVAL.

"Why, a stranger, when he sees her
In the street, even, smileth stilly,
Just as you would at a lily."

MRS. BROWNING.

MARY wrote me frequently during the winter, of her success in the management of Wallace, sometimes despondently, and sometimes with much hope. It was evident from the incidents she related, as well as from the letters Wallace continued to write us, that he was becoming warmly attached to her. But his old habits still clung to him in a way that seemed difficult to throw off, and there would sometimes be an outbreak among the boys when she least expected it. She was surprised and somewhat alarmed at the turn for philosophical speculation which he constantly displayed, and at the infidel tone which had been given to it; and when she attempted to read the Bible with him, as the one volume from which he could solve all the mysteries of life, she found that he read it eagerly, but with little reverence, and with constant questioning and doubt. Still, she regarded as a good feature in his questioning, that he was open and frank with her in all his doubts; never cherishing them

sullenly, nor clinging with dogged obstinacy to his own mode of reasoning, when its fallacy was pointed out to him. In his lessons he was fitful, doing wonders when any thing interested him, and studying night and day without regard to system or to health; and willing to do very little when this was not the case.

Toward spring, Mary wrote me that she had succeeded in interesting him in a course of reading, about which she had previously consulted with me, and which we both thought would have a favorable effect upon his tone of thought. His mind was too active not to trace out cause and effect in such historical matters as were presented to him, and, with a proper guide to assist his reading, the works which had been selected, could hardly fail to open his eyes to new views of the world, and human life. He was following the history of Europe through the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and Mary made it a point to read with him as much as possible; making the bringing in of those works which she had selected for him, dependent upon his faithfulness in preparing his other lessons.

When the summer vacation came, Wallace returned home, and, fearing lest he might relapse into his old habits, I offered to include him in the round of occupations which I had arranged for my own children during this time, so that he was with us a portion of nearly every day. He also still followed my advice, in trying to make himself useful in his father's office, and, as he was a good penman, and very ready and prompt in whatever he did, he bade fair to be quite a valuable assistant. Still, he was not always there when he might have been, and, though Mr. Heber appeared pleased with his efforts to be useful, still he used no efforts to make them permanent, or to retain his son at his side. We had never encouraged Wallace to say any thing to us about his step-mother, and thus she came to be seldom mentioned among us.

But one day, when Wallace was telling us how much some impromptu work of his had pleased his father, and I had told him that I should suppose it would be a pleasure to him to attend punctually at the office, he replied, that when things went smoothly there, they found all the rougher weather at home; so that it was only steering away from Scylla to be wrecked on Charybdis. He was obliged to run off once in a while, he said, in mercy to his father, for nothing was so sure a precursor of a domestic storm, as to have them come up to tea together.

One sultry morning in the summer, when the children were in the school-room together, I was startled at overhearing Wallace tell Jamie and Hartson, that there was to be an execution in the jail-yard the next morning, and that he was going; one of the officers had promised to let him in. I immediately rose and went into the room to question him about it. He said that Jack Williams, who was convicted of a murder the last winter, was to be hung the next morning, and one of the officers whom he knew, had offered to let him in to witness the execution.

"Do you wish to look at such a thing?" I asked; "are you willing to see a fellow-creature meet with such a death?"

"I don't know," said Wallace, looking down; "I thought I should like to see it. I shan't think much about his being a fellow-creature—he's only a murderer. Mrs. Heber says I will come to the gallows myself some time, and I want to see how they are made."

I talked with him a little more about it, but was called away directly by company, and saw no more of Wallace until the next morning, when I was occupied in a chamber in a wing of the house, and hearing the gate open, I looked up, and saw him run in, with a face pale and livid with excitement. He passed round the wing, and ran up the back stairs, and into

the school-room, which was usually empty at this hour. I heard him throw himself heavily into a seat, and the conversation of the previous morning occurred to me as the explanation of his appearance. In the multiplicity of a mother's cares, I had forgotten it. I now went to him, and found him with his head leaned forward upon the table, and buried in his hands.

"Did you go?" I said, laying my hand softly on his shoulder.

"Yes—no—yes. I climbed up the wall, and looked in."

"And it was as I said?"

"No! it was not that."

"What then?" I asked.

"It was Fleury," he groaned out.

"Fleury?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Had you any thought that it was he?" I said, after a few moments, for the information had given me a shock as well as Wallace.

"No! oh no! Mrs. Mills, do you know about the murder?"

"Yes; I remember the circumstances well."

"Was it—was it—?"

"It was a cold-blooded murder. Only a desperado could have committed it."

"And the proofs—?"

"Are very strong."

"It was dreadful! I think he saw me just as—just as he was;—Oh, how horrible!"

"Why did you climb up the wall, when you might have gone into the yard?"

"Because, after I talked with you, I thought I wouldn't go, and I told Mr. . . . so; and then when I saw them all gathering together, and knew that it was to be directly, something possessed me to climb up there. It was so strange that I should have to see it," and he buried his head again in his hands.

I was leaving the room, when he called after me, "Let me stay here, if you please, Mrs. Mills. I want to be left alone."

"Certainly," I replied; "you shall be quiet here as long as you like;" and I left him, hoping that the lesson, though severe, might be a salutary one.

(*To be continued.*)

IMPORTANCE OF MORAL INSTRUCTION.

THE teacher's occupation, from the common school to the University, is the most important and useful among us; but is not, it must be confessed, estimated as it should be. It is always laborious, and sometimes ungrateful; and its rewards are generally scanty and uncertain. But what higher calling can there be, save that of proclaiming the gospel of eternal truth, than that of training our children in the ways of virtue and knowledge? And what is it, after all, that chiefly sustains the competent and conscientious teacher? It is a sense of his integrity, and of the exalted nature of his work. The vain, the arrogant, the ambitious, the man of foolish pride, or of mere wealth, may overlook him, or under-estimate him; but his works speak for him, and he has the respect and the sympathy of the wise and good.

Toil on, then, ye faithful and indefatigable workers in the fields of mind! ye are happier by far, and more useful to the world, than many who sit in Senates, or lead armies over fields of blood. Remember — remember that you are co-workers always with the mothers of the land. Education begins with the first look and lisp of infancy; and it implies the highest physical, mental, and moral development of which human nature is capable. It begins with the mother.

In the serene hours of the summer twilight, when the birds and bees, the emblems of innocence and industry, have gone to their repose, and when God, in kindness to all his creatures, has shut the eye of day, the mother

bends over her babe, and imagines for it in the future all of prosperity, of honor, or of happiness, which her full heart prompts. *She* teaches it its first lessons of love, order, and obedience. Training it gently like some precious vine, she breaks no tendril of affection, and crushes no leaf which comes forth, bearing the imprint of future hope. Affectionately at her knee, and reverently at that of the father, it hears, for the first time, why it was created, its responsibilities and duties here, and something of its destiny hereafter. In this family circle, so infinitely small when compared with the universe, it learns the reasons of the obedience, which is the indispensable pre-requisite to future felicity; and without which, from the cradle of the infant, to the depths of space, in which countless worlds are floating, disorder and confusion would prevail.

Placed here with only five senses, the mind is dependent upon them; and their uses must, therefore, first be acquired. And then, as the mental and physical faculties are drawn out and trained, the affections, which have their seat in the soul, must also be evoked, and nurtured, and lifted up toward the divine fountain from which they flowed; lest the animal obtain the mastery, and the shadows of sin and death fall over them eternally. Here, then, education begins — *with the mother*; and the teacher takes up the threads in the web of the child's destiny, as they fall from her hands. How important, therefore, that sound and healthy morals should pervade *all* our schools; that the lessons learned at home, be not effaced, but improved, and new ones added as the pupil may need, or be able to receive them; that all our teachers should be men, whether members of churches or not, who "fear God and eschew evil;" so that the good work begun by parents, be carried forward, till the child is educated not only in mind, but *morally*, in all the exalted and saving affections of the heart.

The world is full — history is full of examples, showing the *paramount* importance of moral instruction to the young. "The end of learning," said the great John Milton, "is to repair the ruin of our first parents, by regaining to know God aright, and out of that knowledge to love him, as we may the nearest by possessing our souls of true virtue, which, being united to the heavenly graces of faith, make up the highest perfection." "Virtue," says John Locke, "is the hard and valuable part to be aimed at in education, and not a forward pertness, or any little arts of shifting; all other considerations and accomplishments should give way and be postponed to this. Learning must be had indeed, but in the second place, as subservient to greater qualities. Seek somebody as your son's tutor, that may discreetly know how to form his manners; place him in hands where you may, as much as possible, secure his innocence. Cherish and nurse up the good, and gently correct and weed out any bad inclinations, and settle him in good habits. This is the main point, and this being provided for, learning may be had into the bargain."

"And whosoever thou be that hast children," said Miles Coverdale, Bishop of Exeter, in 1535, in his "Prologue" to his translation of the Holy Scriptures, "bring them up in the nurture and information of the Lord. And if thou be ignorant, or art otherwise occupied lawfully, that thou canst not teach them thyself, then be even as diligent to seek a good master for thy children, as thou wast to seek a mother to bear them; for there lieth as great weight in the one as in the other. Yea, better it were for them to be unborn, than not to fear God, or to be evil brought up; which thing — I mean bringing up well of children — if it be diligently looked to, it is the upholding of all commonwealths; and the negligence of the same, the very decay of all realms." Without this moral instruction, by both mother and teacher, mental strength is but

the strength of the savage, or of an insane giant, leaving naught in its path to gladden, or improve, or benefit mankind. As ignorance is the parent of most degrading vices, so mere human learning, without morals, is the prolific source of materialism, spiritualism, skepticism, and infidelity.

GOD IS WITH US.

BY REV. C. STARR DAILEY.

GOD is everywhere. The white rose that bloomed last summer, bore his smile, and its death to-day, is a witness of His presence. On the mountains, He rears aloft the towering pines, and in the valleys, His spirit is with the flowing stream. The stars are the habitations of His throne, so are the sea-shells in the caves of the ocean. If you see glory and perfection in the broad and deep river, and terrible sublimity in the ocean's roar, there are no less glory and perfection in the quiet rivulet, and sublimity in the clear, still waters of the lake; for God is with the river, and the ocean, the rivulet, and the lake. The splendid blooming forth of the centennial plant yesterday, was no greater mystery, than the continual blooming of the daisies in midsummer, for God was present last summer and yesterday in all the blooming, and an eternity of years shall pass away, and yet shall the plants and the daisies bloom, and God forever smile as before.

Then God is everywhere. He speaks to us in the thunder, and also in the voice of the early robin. He writes His goodness upon the wide fields, and sings hymns of harmony down in the autumnal woods. Spring with her green, and blue, and golden chaplet, smiles when He bids her smile; Summer puts on her maiden loveliness when He speaks the word; and when the time of the falling leaves approacheth, and the sweet vines and flowers droop by the garden-fence, He paints the whole

landscape in splendid hues of brown and red; and still more than all this, Winter obeys His summons, wearing a frosty beard and whitened garment, and is seen coming across the deserted fields with his cold breath of hail and sleet, and trudging his way through depths of snow. In all this natural revelation how clearly and distinctly does God manifest his presence! Where then, is God? Let me ask, where is He not?

If God is everywhere, He is a witness of our actions, and takes recognition of every circumstance of life. God then, is in the work-shop, as well as abroad upon the fields. Let us not imagine then, as many poets seem to, that God is only manifesting Himself where there are beauty, power, and grandeur in the earth. There is a manifestation of God, I take it, everywhere. God listens to our talk by the fireside. God beholds the transaction of the dealer who takes unjust pay, and wrongs the innocent. God stands at the shop-door, and looks in upon the merchant, as he pledges his word, and his honor to pay, when down in the soul of that merchant, there is nothing, absolutely nothing to make that word and honor good. *God walks the streets.* God is in the "Rum Den," and God is in the church. God is looking down upon the gamblers, and God is looking down upon the thief. God goes with the ship across the ocean, and is a passenger with the "lightning train" that thunders over the track in the midnight!

This *Divine Presence* is wonderful — aye, is it not terrible when we think of it? To have God looking into our faces — our souls — our hearts! To have Him with us on the pavement, at the fireside, in the work-shop, and in the sleeping-room at night! How many persons there are, who have an idea, that when death takes place, then are they summoned, for the first time, into the Divine Presence; but do not commit this mistake, for you are present, and God

is present with you this day. He is in company with you this day, and will be to-morrow, whether you are dead or alive. The body only dies, however; the soul never.

We are told now, "Behold the want of confidence." Indeed, I say, "Behold the want of a Divine recognition." Poets and preachers have been singing their delightful harmonies, all along down the track of Christian literature, of God — as God is in the stars, the beauty of the violet, the breath of summer; and it has all been true, beautiful, and loving. Indeed, nothing ever were so grand, as these songs and sermons, speaking of the Divine Presence in nature, broad and universal with the love, power, and goodness of God. And these have served, and do serve to make many dear and precious children of God sensible of His nearness, as they see in nature His living face and beauty, and hear from revelation, His terrible warning and sublime appeal. But it has seemed to me, that we *do now* want the preaching of the Divine Presence to be very forcible, striking the hearts of men with a terrible conviction, and sending clean to the very depths of the soul, the words that will not fail.

As our greatest sin is the interior sin, it seems to me, that the greatest sermon is that one which convinces us of God's actual observation of every thought as well as action. God looks in upon the mind. He beholds the murder before the blow is struck. He reads the inmost thoughts of all His children. We want preaching that will convince the merchant of the fact, that when he goes to his store in the morning, God is with him — with him all day, and returns home with him in the evening. This is a fact! How then, will that merchant conduct himself, pay his debts, live within his means, keep his bank account straight, have in fact, all his business performed with the same accuracy and fairness, as though he did see God face to face all of that day? Now, is it not plainly to be seen,

since we have so much of sin, failure, fashion, folly, and bankruptcy among men, that most of them do act just exactly as if God was on a visit to some of the Bahama Islands, and did not take recognition of their sins and follies? I think so. And most of these men profess to be Christians—they belong to church, and they love (so they say,) the sublime power and beauty of Protestant religion and worship. *They go to church to meet their God.* God has been with them all through the week. Oh! gentlemen, God has been with you all the time, and has taken notice of your robbing, cheating, failing, and defrauding. Why, do you suppose you can cheat Him in the daylight, and defraud him in the secret chambers?

We want the soul of man as much as possible, to become incorruptible; and the man of business ashamed to conceive a wrong in the *dark*, just as much as he would feel ashamed to perform that wrong in the light, on the ground that his God was present both in the darkness and in the light. Make clean the hearts, and the ways of life will be clean. Have all your days blessed with God's approbation of your conduct, and then upon the Sabbath, you can go with an unstricken conscience into the "house of the Lord," approved of Him, and not ashamed.

OLD GRANNY.

SHE was toothless, lame with rheumatism, half-blind, deaf and palsied. Her scanty gray hair fell in straggling confusion over her dirty, wrinkled face, and the coarse skin hung loose upon her shriveled arms. Her dress corresponded with her person; it was mean, tattered, and filthy. Neglect and utter disregard to her personal appearance, were disgustingly apparent in that old woman; and it was evident, too, that these were the results or accompaniments of mental imbecility, indented by

abject helplessness. Such was "Old Granny!"

She had a name, of course; but for years and years, she had been known only as "Old Granny," except when in tones of mockery, contempt, reproach, or violent wrath, she was addressed by those around her by the terms, "old hag," "old fool," and others, with which these pages can not be polluted. But whatever was the vile substantive, the adjective was "old." "Old Granny" had been young, certainly, and, possibly, attractive. At all events, she had been a wife and a mother. Yes, and this she remembered, too, in the midst of her mental darkness; strive as she might to forget it, she was still a mother.

It was a smart farm-house in which "Old Granny" dragged on her wretched existence. The farmer was a rich man, the people said and thought; perhaps he was. The farmer's wife was ignorant and vain; the three daughters were showy and proud; the farmer's men were coarse, and for the most part, brutal; the farmer's maids were faint copies of their mistresses, young and old; and to these, master and men, mistresses and maids, was "Old Granny" the miserable and ill-used drudge, their scoff and scorn.

The farmer's table was daily laden with vulgar profusion, and he ate and drank to his fill; so did the farmer's wife, and so did his daughters; but at their board was no place for "Old Granny." A place for her! Why, even the men and the maids would have thrust her from their table, had she presumed to approach it; "she knew her place better." Her meals were taken apart from all companionship; her food was thrown upon an unwashed plate, and pushed to her with gibes; and hard crusts were given her in sport, because she mumbled them so effectually with her toothless gums. In the worst garret of that farm-house was "Old Granny" lodged, and the hardest mattress was

her bed; and when she crawled at night to her miserable resting-place, it was with the certainty of rising, should she rise at all, to renewed insult on the morrow.

And she endured these insults; but not patiently, and with the Christian hope of a happy release from pain and sorrow, and of eternal rest beyond the grave. No; not patiently and forgivingly, but murmuringly and rancorously. And her tormentors laughed at the impotent threats and bitter words, which, day after day, and all day long, were uttered by "Old Granny," wherever she was, except when varied by vain lamentations and vainer wishes, as indistinct recollections of what she had been long, long years ago, crossed her mind. Threats, lamentations, and wishes were alike unheeded. "Don't mind what 'Old Granny' says; she is always grumbling; she does not know what she is talking about." So said master and man, mistress and servant.

It was Christmas-day; the day on which Heaven's peace and good will to man is commemorated by thousands on earth with feast and revel, by which thoughts of heaven are banished.

"Come, 'Old Granny,' leave off grumbling if you can, and don't get in everybody's way; there, go and drive the cows back to the meadows; they are all milked now, and want to get out of the yard. Do you hear, you deaf old post?" shouted the farmer's wife, as the old woman was shuffling about the large kitchen.

"Yes, I hear," muttered "Old Granny;" "I wish I didn't; I wish I was where I should never hear your voice again; and I wish you —"

"There, leave off croaking, do; you'll be there some of these days, never fear; and a good thing, too. The old witch," she added to her husband, who had just come in, "gets worse and worse. She ought to go to the work-house, she ought. Look at her now. Why does she not go and do what I told her? Just tell

her to go and drive back the cows, will you?"

"Now, 'Old Granny,'" shouted the farmer, "on with your bonnet, old girl, and get out of the way as soon as you can."

"Ay, ay, I'm going; yes, yes, I shan't be in any body's way much longer."

"You said so seven years ago, old lady, and seven to that, pretty nigh. You are a tough bit of goods, I think."

It was a wet morning, and the farm-yard, never very dry, was, in parts, more than ankle deep in sludge. There was a young cow that would go the wrong way, and would not go out at the open gate with her companions. There were men in the stables who would n't help "Old Granny" with the fractious beast, but laughed loudly as she panted through the streaming filth in chase of it. At last the chase was ended; the cow tossed up its heels and scampered through the gate-way; the men gave one loud "haw-haw," and "Old Granny" swung to the gate in hapless fury.

An hour passed away; two hours, and then somebody missed "Old Granny."

"Where is 'Old Granny?'" screamed a servant girl, who waited for her help, to the men in the yard.

"Rode off on the broomstick what she drives the cows with, I shouldn't wonder," replied one of the men.

"No; but where is she?" the girl repeated.

An hour later, and the farmer's kitchen was a scene of confusion. "Old Granny" had been found in the meadow senseless, and almost lifeless; she had been knocked down and trampled upon by the cross-grained cow, and brought home by those who found her.

"What did you bring her here for?" said the farmer, to his men in a half-whisper, as the surgeon, having hastily examined the old woman's hurts, was insisting upon her being borne, without delay, to the nearest

chamber and the softest bed. "What did you bring her here for? The work-house was nearer; why did you not carry her there? They must have taken her in."

This was too much, even for them, coarse as they were, and as often as they had made sport of "Old Granny." "I say, maister," replied one of them, (and he drew his big hard hand across his cheek to rub off a tear as he said it;) "that is coming it too strong, that is, maister. I dare say, she would be better off in the work-house than here, for the matter of that; and if she had been there three years ago, it might have been as well, as far as that goes, and better, too, perhaps. But you can never mean that *your mother, your own mother*, maister, should have been took to the work-house to die. No, no, maister. If she has lived too long, and had a wretched life of it too, worse by half than a dog's life, give her room to die in peace where she has lived. Let her have that, maister."

* * * * *

"So, 'Old Granny' is out of the way at last," said a laboring man, over the church-yard wall to the sexton, who was filling up a newly-tenanted grave.

"Yes, she was buried this morning," replied the sexton, with a sigh, as he leaned on his shovel.

"What a time of it she had, surely!" said the man.

"God forgive them that made it so!" responded the old grave-digger.

"She was a queer one, by all accounts, in time," observed the lounge.

"I can't say but she was," returned the sexton; "I've known her and her's five and thirty years, John, and there isn't much good to be remembered of them, any way."

"I've heard as much," said John.

"I'll tell you a story as I have heard of, John; I can't say of my knowledge that it's true; but there's nothing more likely. Once upon a time, a man—he must have been a wicked

'un — was ill-using his own father, and had got him down, and was dragging him by his gray hairs along a passage, I think it was."

"A brute!" exclaimed John.

"Yes, a brute he was. Well, when he had dragged the old man half-way along the passage, if a passage it was, for I don't exactly mind that, but when he came to a certain part of it, the poor old man cried out, 'Stop, stop here; don't drag me any farther; for it was to here I dragged *my father by his gray hairs*.' That's the story, John."

"I understand," said John; "and 'Old Granny's' story is a fellow to it."

"Much the same. When she was only a girl, as I was told by them that knew her, she was the wickedest girl to her mother, ay, and her father, too, in the whole country round. And when she grew up to a young woman, and her father was dead and gone, I have heard her many a time, abusing her poor mother enough to make one's blood run cold to hear. And, as if that wasn't bad enough, stead of being a deal to bad, it often came to blows, till at last the old woman was in terror for her life."

"Ah!" said John, "it came home to the girl then, in her old age."

"Yes; but there was more than I have told you. When the girl married, and there were young men enough after her, for all her treatment to her mother, for she was good-looking; well, when she married, and had a young family, she was the hardest-hearted mother I ever knew. Slap, slap, scold, scold, it was all day long, pretty nigh. There wasn't such another house in the parish for downright cruelty. It was like a hell upon earth, it was."

"High! no wonder, then —"

"She used to say," continued the old sexton, "that she'd tame down her children; she would. They should n't get the upper hand of her, as she had done of her mother, they should n't. But they did, though;

and one went off here, and another there, and cared no more for her than if she had never been—all but this son. He was the youngest, and her favorite; though he came in for ill-usage enough at times. By-and-by, he got married, and got on in the world, and his mother got poorer, till she was forced to go and live with him; and then weren't the tables turned upon her?"

"You may say that! So, 'Old Granny' was n't used worse than she deserved, and her son is n't so bad, after all, as is made out."

"Stop, John! as to deserts, that's neither here nor there; we won't talk about that now; only if we all had our deserts—oh, John! But about 'Old Granny's' son; I tell you what, John, if you would make a young man of me, and give me his property, told ten times over, to be *him*—there! I would n't, no!"

"No!" responded John.

"No, I would n't. I tell you what, John, I've lived nigh upon seventy-three years. As David says in the Psalms, 'I have been young, and now I am old;' but this I have never seen, John, nor known, nor heard of, and that is, a bad, ungrateful, hardened son or daughter, that kept so from beginning to end, to be happy and prospered. There's a curse, God's curse, John, on all they do, and on all they have. I know there is. I have seen it again and again; and what's more, 't is Scripture truth; it is, John; 'Cursed be he,' saith the Bible, 'that setteth light by father and mother;' " and the old sexton turned to his work, while the man, after looking wonderingly at him walked slowly away.

* * * * *

Years, a quarter of a century or more, have passed away, since the old sexton uttered this denunciation over the grave of "Old Granny." Is it chance, think you, reader, that furnishes a sequel to point the moral of our sketch? Or, is it the hand of God himself, which is daily seen, if

we would but watch the operations of His providence, setting the stamp of deep displeasure on those, and theirs who trample upon his commandment. "The first commandment with promise," "Honor thy father and thy mother." Here is the sequel:

A very few years passed away, and with them vanished the prosperity of the unnatural son as a morning dream. In his turn, he had first to bear the neglect and insolence, and then to suffer from the desertion of his children. His wife turned against him as poverty inclosed the wretched family in its meshes, a poverty unsanctified and unbrightened by Heaven's grace. That wretched son of a wretched parent at length died, a driveling sot. His wife lived to be the very counterpart of the "Old Granny," whom she had often wished in the work-house, and found a pauper's grave. Their children—but enough; their history is not yet wrought out.—*Ohio Farmer.*

THE BABY.

BY MRS. M. P. A. CROZIER.

Softly lift the rosy curtain,
She's asleep!
Do not suddenly awake her,
She may weep!

Do you see those laughing dimples
Lying there?
Do you see those golden ringlets
Of soft hair?

Do you see those lips of cherry
Smiling so,
As tho' even in her sleeping,
She would show,

How the gentle angels whisper
To her ear,
Thoughts of heaven, which we more sinful
May not hear?

Ah, she's waking! did you ever
See such eyes?
Painted from the purest azure
Of the skies.

WINNIE.

BY MARY A. RIPLEY.

WINNIE hath a singing voice,
And an eye of blue,
Shaded by her silken curls,
Curls of golden hue;
And her step is light and free,
In the fairy dance —
I would sue on bended knee,
For one smiling glance.

Winnie plays the proud coquette,
In the market-place,
Yet I worship her the more,
For her queenly grace.
Many buy her linen white,
Woven by her hand,
That they may but see the sprite,
Famed in northern land.

I may speak no word to her,
Thro' the dreary day —
Others jest and laugh with her,
Hear her speech so gay;
But when on the mountain road
We are all alone,
Winnie changes her cold speech
For a warmer tone.

Winnie hath a loving heart
'Neath her fleecy vest,
Full of truth as any heart
In the east or west;
But she often looks as cold
As her northern sky,
Knowing that my love for her
Nevermore may die.

Winnie says ere many months
She will be my bride;
Then my restless fawn will keep
Ever at my side.
Then when in the market-place,
Winnie stands to sell,
I will smile upon her words,
I will guard her well.

NIGHT SCENE.

BY MRS. M. P. A. CROZIER.

NIGHT! and the darkness, like sepulchral
shades,
Gathers more densely in the forest's depths;
The hoarse owl screams from out its gloomy
aisles,
Frightening the silence that hath settled
there;
And the loud howling of the wolf breaks
forth,
Waking the echoes from the distant hills.

There, on the fallow, brightly burn the fires,
And the red glare, looks with a sickly gaze

Into the border of the deep, wild wood,
Till maple, elm, and beech stand out to view,
Like brother giants keeping nightly guard;
While the soft smoke curls upward to the
skies,
That bend as to receive it in embrace.

There, in the distance, stands a bare, gray
trunk,
Youthful a half a century ago;
Left all undesecrated by the ax
That hath laid prostrate younger forms
around;
Stealthily hath the fingers of the fire,
Crept their way upward to the old trees'
heart,
And the fierce flames are leaping from its
breast.
Now on the darkness in a fitful shower,
Burst the red meteors from its burning
depths;
Hark! like a thunder-bolt from heaven, a
sound
Startles the night. The patriarch is fallen,
And the sad echoes answer with a groan.

Silence again broods o'er the solitude,
Save the sweet music of the katy-dids,
And the sad frog-sounds that come bubbling
up;
Listens the soul long unto night's deep breath
Stealing forth from the couch of wilderness,
Whereon he slumbers, dreaming, 'till the
rain,
Soft, happy rain, comes pattering on the
roof,
And the thrilled heart imbibes a holy peace.

"SPARE MOMENTS."

A WAND'ERER in a desert land,
A cup of water held in hand,
And sprinkling some upon the sand,
"Spare drops!" he cries.
His brow though fevered, parched his lips,
The precious liquid scarce he sips,
And moistens, but with finger tips,
His burning eyes.

I have enough, he cries, of this,
These few small drops I ne'er shall miss!
He little thinks how much of bliss
Hides in those drops!
The cup has fallen from his grasp!
The fragments now the madman clasps,
And murmurs with his dying gasp,
"Come back, spare drops!"

That water, time — drops, minutes are,
We lavish without thought or care
This wealth on objects frail though fair;
Nor heed its worth,
To guide the soul, refine the mind,
The broken heart of woe to bind,

And virtue's highest joy to find
In blessing earth.

We have no moments given us,
Save as a noble, holy trust,
Which we—the spirit-link with dust—
Should e'er give back,
Fraught with those deeds that love bestows:
So when our life-work finished shows,
No way-marks may appear but those
Our course to track.

Rutland Herald.

A WORD TO AMERICAN LADIES.

WE are in the midst of a great financial pressure. Banks are breaking, merchants failing, and old-established firms "suspending" on every side. Our fathers, brothers, and husbands come home from Wall Street and Broadway, with perplexed brows and doubtful faces, and eye our housekeeping and shopping bills with any thing but an approving glance. Economize—save—retrench! is the watchword of the hour.

And it is our place, as women, to set the example of reform in this matter. There is no country in the world, where so much respect is accorded to woman, and where her social position is so exalted, as in the United States. In all the records of the days of red-cross knights and olden tournaments, there is no such beautiful example of chivalry as we have recently beheld in the sad shipwreck of the Central America. *The ladies were saved*; the delicate, clinging women and the little children were carried in safety to the rescuing brig, while the strong men stood looking on, in the very front of an awful death! The women were cared for with the tenderest attention, and the heroic men went down into the waves without a complaining word!

In a country where woman is held in such an estimation as this, ought she to shrink from any sacrifice necessary to maintain the standard?

But the reckless extravagance and empty frivolity of the modern fine lady, constitute the surest mode of

losing this high national position. Look at the fashionable woman of 1857! She wears a silk robe which costs a hundred dollars; her "love of a fall hat" was very cheap at fifty, and she sports a set of Honitons at seventy-five. She carries a small fortune round her wrists, dangling at her throat, and gleaming on her fingers, in the shape of crosses, rings, and bracelets. She buys all the foolish trinkets and extravagant trifles which happen to catch her eye in the shop windows, and caps the climax by going into hysterics, when her husband hints at retrenchment! Is this the beau-ideal of woman?

Our streets, ball-rooms, and places of public resort, are crowded with these walking advertisements; general emulation seems to prevail as to which shall sport the most expensive silks and richest jewelry, and even the more sensible and prudent, who have not moral courage to declare independence, are drawn into the vortex of extravagance.

Our very churches have become nothing more than show-rooms for the last new bonnet, and the latest moire-antique of the fashionable worshipers. Why do not the clergy remonstrate against such a state of things? We have sermons on politics, sermons on amusements, sermons on finance, and why not sermons on dress? A clergyman has just as good a right to insist upon his hearers coming to church in plain and inexpensive attire, as he has to exhort them to come at all! Let the ladies be as extravagant and fantastic as they may at the opera-house and assembly-room, surely the house of God should be sacred to something better than idle folly and fashion!

We firmly believe that many of the failures in the mercantile world are entirely owing to the recklessness of woman; and the amount of misery, suicide, and distress, for which she is thus indirectly called upon to answer, is perfectly incalculable. A man will endure almost any degree of

embarrassment before he will consent that his wife shall deny herself an accustomed luxury, or be exposed to the ridicule or censure of her particular clique.

Now it is your plain and simple duty, ladies of America, to stand up by your husbands' sides, and help them to bear the heavy pressure of this great commercial crisis! It is of no use to sit in your elegant boudoir, clasping your jeweled hands together, and bemoaning your incapacity to *act*. Help to institute a reform in the *dress* question, and your husband will have some substantial proof of your sympathy and affection.

Lay aside your costly velvets and brocade—deny yourself that coveted winter bonnet—turn your back resolutely upon every extravagance. A true woman never looks lovelier, than when arrayed in a simple calico or gingham dress, and a straw bonnet worth seventy-five cents. What if the Mrs. Potiphars of your acquaintance pass by you with averted eyes! haven't you the moral courage to value their friendship at its proper worth? We respect the woman who, in these hard times, *dare* appear in public, dressed in inexpensive raiment.

Oh! for the good old time, when one "best silk dress" was the stand-by for years! It lies nearer the heart of our commercial welfare, than we dream of; it is more closely allied to the workings of our gigantic mercantile system, than many would be willing to believe. All that we need, is some fair leader of the *beau monde* to take the helm, and steer a ship with *calico sails*! The present time is an excellent opportunity for the experiment, and we are quite sure that the wise and sensible of the world; will gladly welcome the advent of a dress reform.

WOMEN often affect to seem unaffected, and take great care to appear careless.

WOMAN AS A SPECULATOR.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Richmond (Ind.) *Lily*, says of the pioneer women of the West:

I know of several refined and educated women, who have accumulated considerable fortunes by the usual modes of speculation, entirely unaided except by the courtesy of men, or employment of them as agents.

Women are quick and intuitional, and it is far from being a rare thing for them to have great tact and sagacity in business, as Chicago and St. Paul's could tell if they would. How, then, are the means of a noble independence opened to those who make shirts at a shilling apiece, or starve in garrets, while they manufacture sickly, abortive stuff "for the press." We are inundated with half-fledged, trashy "literature," but the broad prairies of the West await the cunning hand, and the fine, restless energy of woman to make them blossom like the rose. Perhaps those who "make shirts at a shilling a day, may not have money to take them there," as that is the complaint many make to me. Thirty dollars will take any one from the New England States, or Western States, to St Paul's, where almost any kind of female labor is in demand, at from two and a half to five dollars per week. To those who could not get so much as that, I would say *patience!* courage! economy! Some who have urged that objection, own silk dresses that cost them as much as that. Silk dresses are nice and desirable things, but far less so than self-respect and independence.

I know German girls who laid by the proceeds of a few months' labor, or rather, loaned them at thirty per cent. per annum, or two and a half per cent. a month, and finally, became owners of town lots, which are steadily and rapidly increasing in value.

EDUCATION is the cheap defense of nations.— *Edmund Burke*.

A QUESTION.

IS it not a question still open to debate, whether those denominated the stronger half of humanity, have incontrovertible evidence, whereon to base assurance of superiority and strength of intellect, over those they denominate the weaker, and by way of compliment, the fairer "sex?" or, is it not like other philosophical theories, which have never been established as truth, and which have been agitated at times, by the wise and unwise, the learned and unlearned? Do not these strong ones assert this superiority in the face of many facts, to disprove its *general* application? Is it fair? Is it truthful for them so confidently to affirm, that women are imitators of themselves, and that their writings, universally, manifest no original thought or lofty sentiment? It is a consolation to know, that some of the most learned, candid, and best of men, have expressed a contrary opinion. Still, it is a fact, that most of the sex, consider the literary efforts of woman, in *almost* every department, as far inferior to their own boasted achievements. The woman of sense, does not desire to dispute the palm, which they have so long *awarded to themselves*, or, to remove the laurels they have so indisputably won, to place them on their own brows. And, while this is so, our lords can afford to be just, and generous too, while tacitly acknowledging, they have found merit and interest sufficient in woman's productions, to claim a share of their reading hours.

There never was a female Shakspeare, or Milton, nor, can man boast of but one or two such minds. It has never been satisfactorily decided, and, perhaps, never will be, by universal consent, that man's intellect is in every respect, superior to woman's. It can not be premised, nor can subsequent reasoning prove it so. So far as a decision has been pronounced, it is a *man's* own decision — and woman may not have a voice to influ-

ence it. It is a foolish attempt, and useless endeavor, to try to establish an equality of intellect for the sexes. But, have not the views of the subject as advocated by man, been somewhat one-sided? or, rather, has he not reasoned from false premises? Would it not be a more correct deduction, of reasoning from analogy, that as woman's physical constitution is by the Creator endowed with less vigor, so it may be perceived in the aggregate, the mental faculties correspond; at the same time, there have been too many exceptions to this remark, to forbid its adoption as a universal rule.

Miss H. More says: "The fin was not more clearly bestowed on the fish, nor the wing given to the bird that he should fly, than superior strength of body, and a firmer texture of mind was given to man, that he might preside in deep and daring scenes of action and of counsel, in the complicated arts of government, in the contention of arms, in the intricacies and depths of science, in the bustle of commerce, and in those professions which demand a higher reach, and a wider range of powers."

Woman may not be considered inferior, because she does not possess those talents her Maker never designed for her use, nor be condemned, as possessing no imagination, or invention, because never having produced the greatest work of literature or art. Let it be conceded that she does not; but the fact does not disprove that she has no genius, invention, or imagination, while allowing, that it may be on a scale of less strength and power than man's. The opinion expressed by Dr. Horman, that, "The Divine faculty of creating something out of nothing, is entirely wanting in woman;" and that "woman having only feeling, is incapable of creating," (we should suppose from this very feeling, more capable,) "and to produce an idea, a work of art must absolutely have the help of man. Every idea emanating

from the head of woman, has been previously generated by man, and woman will never produce an original work. There never existed a woman of genius." This is a foul calumny; and the man who uttered it, gave utterance to a falsehood. It is allowed, that they may not possess equal depth of reasoning faculties, and upon certain subjects, (mostly those out of their province,) can not write with the same comprehension and force. How much this may be owing to difference in education, who can tell? Have they not excelled them oftentimes in beautiful creations, where description has glowed with imagination, as perfect as could be attained by mortal pen?

No true woman would wish to take the field with man, where it is his province alone to preside, or, dispute his capability of best fulfilling the requisitions that Providence has clearly delegated and deputed for his performance. The great Arbiter never intended, nor are women educated, *nor should they be*, to debate in the senate, to wield the weapons of mortal combat, to guide the ship at sea, to be conversant with the strife attending upon trades or professions, to usurp the place of public teachers; but, in their own subordinate spheres, to perform their delegated duties with as much originality of thought, pure invention, genius, tact, and talent, as can be boasted by those, who have, without facts to corroborate, laid claim to all the great, if not all the good, that has ever been accomplished in the world.

One thing woman may be thankful for—that the estimation of her powers by the opposite sex, may keep her humble; a virtue most appropriate as a concomitant of great powers and acquisitions, and quite indispensable for those who *do not* lay claim to them. It is like the setting to a valuable jewel, giving a finish, and adding to its beauty; besides, it is a tacit acknowledgment, that after all our acquirements, very much remains,

of which mankind as a whole, are ignorant.

Let them not murmur, then, that after doing well what they have undertaken, the qualified commendation should be, "*Very well for a woman.*" Let them not forget, too, that man has created for himself the umpire to set in judgment on their performances, which is no certain proof that it is correct, because, it is pronounced by fallible and erring mortals. If faithfully walking in the path of duty Providence has assigned them, they will not feel inclined to dispute, or ask a concession in their favor, which never was, and probably never will be granted. Sometimes, it must be confessed, and it is surprising, that man, pretending to do much that is great and good, should not more generally manifest that demeanor, and afford protection toward those they deem "the weaker," which would be more consistent with their boasted pretensions of superiority of understanding. It is a fact for rejoicing, that Heaven makes no distinction; woman may be aspirants for the crown of life, with equal promise of winning it; and that the Bible has honored them, by conferring many precious marks of distinction and approbation, as ennobling as the largest aspirations could desire to claim.

M. C. A.

CORRECTING THE FAULTS OF CHILDREN.

SOME parents are very prompt and diligent in correcting the faults of their children, and yet, are constantly complaining of their ill conduct. They watch them with the utmost vigilance, observe every movement and action, and remind them, not only of their grosser errors, but of the least improprieties, and administer, as they think, deserved reproof. They detect every improper word, every exhibition of ill demeanor, and endeavor to correct the habit. But all

their efforts seem to produce no amendment. Their children are still unkind, irritable, ill-tempered, undutiful; and the parents wonder that such assiduous efforts to "train up their children in the way they should go," are not better rewarded.

Now, these parents are to be commended for the interest they feel in behalf of their children; and it is a great pity, that, "where there is a will," there has not been found "a way" to effect the desired object. They know not where lies the secret of their ill success. If they would keep a strict watch over their own conduct, they would detect in themselves the same faults, in a greater or less degree, which they discover in their children. They are irritated and provoked by the misconduct of their children, and, in this state of ill-humor, they say, or do something, which provokes in them the same feelings. Reproof at such a time, is neither well administered, nor well received. Ill feeling manifested by the parent, will be communicated to the child, who, in process of time, becomes sullen, restive, and resentful; and, when this state of mind once becomes habitual, there remains little hope of reclaiming the delinquent.

Frequency of reproof, is one of the mistakes of many parents. To make every little fault the subject of reprehension, is not a successful mode of correcting the manners of a child. It is like an attempt to destroy a noxious weed, by breaking off the leaves, or smaller branches, while the root remains in the ground. Most of the misbehavior of children, proceeds from a bad temper, or wrong principles. In order to correct these, their affection and good-will must be retained. With the loss of these, the parent loses all moral power over the child. The great question then arises, how can the good-will and respect of children be preserved? I answer, let your own conduct be such, that they can see in it nothing to condemn.

Parents who are uniformly kind and good-humored, and whose kind treatment is accompanied by proper instructions, seldom have occasion to complain of disrespectful or wayward children. The cultivation of a good disposition in a child, is the surest method of correcting his behavior.

The practice of perpetual chiding, is discouraging to children. If every childish word and action, that does not comport with the strictest propriety, is made the subject of animadversion, the child will soon lose all hope of attaining the standard of conduct fixed by the parent. The opposite course, of commending children for good acts, is a far more efficacious means of improving their behavior. To know that their good conduct is noticed and approved, encourages them in well-doing. Praising a child for a single good act, will do more toward reclaiming him, than a dozen rebukes, even for real faults. This course, however, must be pursued with discretion and moderation, or it may beget a disposition to court praise, rather than a desire to please his parents from a sense of duty.

No course of conduct, however, on the part of parents, will supersede all direct efforts to correct the conduct of children. Reproof administered even with severity, is sometimes necessary. But let the duty be performed in the right spirit, and in the right manner. Whether the correction is done by word, or by corporal chastisement, let the child see that it is done "rather in sorrow than in anger," and the effect can hardly fail to be salutary. In order to do this, it may sometimes be necessary to defer the duty to a "more convenient season."

There should be time, both for the child to reflect upon the error committed, and for the parent to determine the proper mode of correction, and the measure of punishment; for, in this work, as in others, "what is done in a hurry, is ill done."

The difference in the condition and character of different families, is

striking. Some parents do every thing that can be done, without excessive indulgence, to gain the esteem and affection of their children. Special pains seem to be taken to avoid all occasion of exciting their bad passions. Judicious efforts of this kind, to keep up good feeling in the children, are sure to be requited by filial affection and confidence. Children growing up under such influences, will not only have few faults to be corrected, but will be ten times more likely to profit by correction.

By this reciprocal kindness, the bonds of affection are strengthened, a ready and cheerful obedience to parental authority is secured, and home is made to both parties, the dearest spot on earth. On the other hand, where the opposite course is pursued, a kind of petty war is kept up between parents and children, the wishes and feelings of parents are disregarded, and home is scarcely tolerable to either party, except in the absence of the other; and both, in turn, impelled to seek enjoyment elsewhere. It is sad to think, how many fatal mistakes are made in the pursuit of domestic happiness. CELIA.

MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

BY ECTON.

THE mother who indulges her daughter in recreation, or idleness, while she performs the service which the daughter should have done, is doing a most serious injury to the child she loves. Many mothers, from a mistaken kindness perhaps, are committing this error. In many families, even in very humble circumstances, where daughters will, sooner or later, be compelled to rely upon their own efforts for support, or else live in the greatest necessity, they are allowed to grow up without any fixed habits of industry, and with very little knowledge of those duties, which they may be required to discharge in life.

The mother rises early in the morning, prepares breakfast for her household, while her grown up daughter sleeps away the fresh hours, and only performs her toilet in time to take her seat late at the table which her mother has spread, with a pale cheek, languid air, and, perhaps, no appetite for the food which her mother has prepared. Both are committing a mistake which both will have occasion to regret in later years. The mother performs her daily routine of domestic duties, does her washing, ironing, cooking, house-cleaning, while the daughter, after some light and unimportant service, dresses herself to entertain company, make calls, take walks, or, still worse, waste her hours in reading novels, and poring over a light and trashy literature. A grave and lasting wrong is done to the child, a wrong which may entail sorrow for a life-time. It is no wonder mothers sometimes say, "girls are not worth as much as they used to be when we were young." How can they be, when mothers do not train them to those stern, but needful social virtues, those habits of domestic industry, and that knowledge of home duties, without which, no daughter can make a home happy, and fill with honor, the honored station of a wife and a mother?

Much of the blame is chargeable on mothers themselves. It is natural for children to desire leisure and indulgence. But all children, from their earliest years, should be made to feel that they have some responsibilities to bear, some duties to perform. These should be graduated according to the age, strength, and circumstances of the child. If this be too long omitted, the daughter obeys her own caprices more than her mother's authority, and either being, or supposing herself a young lady, she fancies that *housework* is unfashionable for, or unsuited to young ladies, and should be left to *domestics*, that is, to her mother, and such other help as she may be able to command.

While every mother, rich or poor, high or low, should oversee directly, and take a part in her household affairs, she should require her daughter, if she loves her, and desires her to be an honored woman, to share with her the knowledge and the duties of domestic life.— *Mother's Journal*.

EARLY TRAINING.

CHILDREN are germs of an immortal growth, and the family the garden in which the Lord first plants them. Here they first taste the sunshine. Here they receive the earliest nature. Here the form and tendencies of their growth are determined. It is the law of the Bible and of Providence, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and he will not depart from it." The law is laid in the constitution of our being, in the conditions of society, and in the provisions of the gospel. It is laid in the constitution of our being, for, in childhood, we are most susceptible of all genial, kindly, and formative influences. It is laid in the conditions of society, for, in childhood we are exempt from cares, temptations, employments, and disturbing influences in general, which beset our mature life. It is laid in the provisions of the gospel, for, of little children alone it is said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." And again, "Except ye become converted, and become like little children, ye shall in nowise enter into the kingdom of heaven." During this period, the destiny of human souls, in a most important sense, is committed to parental faithfulness.

It is, indeed, true, that conversions do take place after a neglected childhood; but the stains and deformities early contracted, never become entirely obliterated and removed. The errors of childhood are carried into growth, and are there still further developed. From growth they are carried into manhood, and are there confirmed. Old age is darkened by

ripened evil. Eternity alone, can fully reveal the effects of an early blight.

On the other hand, it may be said that parental faithfulness is often disappointed in its hope. It does appear so sometimes, but we believe the instances are rare. And even in respect to these, who is prepared to affirm, that there certainly has been no parental delinquency which led to the bad result?

Let parents, in the education of their children, place before themselves solemnly the question, "For what shall we educate them — for the uses of earth, or of God, and Christ, and heaven? If they choose the latter, God, and Christ, and heaven, will all be arrayed on their side, and the end can not be doubtful. But if, with a show of religious discipline, the world be really allowed to maintain its ascendancy, or it be attempted to hold a middle course between the claims of the world and the calls of duty, then there need be no surprise if those, whom we are unwilling to give wholly to God, depart wholly from Him.

The education of our offspring for immortality, must be undertaken as our greatest and all-absorbing duty in respect to them, or it is not properly undertaken. There are interests which are so engrossing in their very nature, that they do not admit of competition, and this is one of them. The accumulation of estates for our children; their introduction into fashionable life; the endowments of gay accomplishments; the formation of eligible connections — of how much worth are these put in the balance against a godly character; a preparation for noble usefulness here, for death at last, and for blessed immortality? We may not evade the question — we must choose whether we will give them to the world, or to God. When this great question of duty is once settled, then we may proceed to consider the principles on which we shall conduct the momentous

discipline. How shall we bring them up for heaven?

1. First of all, we must aim to secure habits of implicit obedience. The years of childhood are absolutely committed to the parents. The child is only beginning to gain knowledge and experience, and must, therefore, of necessity, be subject to an authority which is already possessed of both. Reckless, wild, and ungovernable tempers will soon appear, if obedience be not early formed into habit. This once gained, and then the growing soul forms easily under the plastic hand of parental love.

Herein, too, is laid the fundamental element of social and civil life, and of religion; for herein is established the great principle of subjection to law. The well-governed child easily and naturally yields to the restraints of social order, to the authority of the state, and, more than all, learns the principle of obedience to God as the highest duty of man. Children who have not been brought to submit to the mild and loving authority of a blessed home, can hardly be expected to yield readily to any other authority. All law to them will prove irksome, and most of all, the law of God. The habit of implicit obedience, therefore, must be established, or nothing else can be accomplished. Let this point never be given up. Begin early, patiently, wisely, and lovingly pursue it until it is gained. Then what comes after, will be comparatively easy, and altogether pleasant.

2. The second point is daily religious instruction from God's word. The father is the priest of his household. The mother is the impersonation of heavenly mercy. Let both unite, by precept and example, in inculcating the great truth, and laying open the glorious influences and hopes of the gospel.

There is no religious instruction which may be substituted for that of home. The public catechism of children, the Sabbath school, and the Bible class, are important aids; but

the parents may not resign their personal responsibilities, and their own proper offices to any other hands whatever. Their power is greater, because it can be constantly exercised—it is daily, hourly influence. Besides, who can feel such interest, who can be so tender, and patient, and thorough—who can so get into a child's heart as father and mother? These lambs, parents, are in your fold—you must guard them; they are to feed in your pastures—you must nourish them. They are your charge for the world that now is, and in the preparations for eternity. No one can take your place. Behold you have a double motive for personal godliness—you are to save not only your own souls, but the souls of your children also. With these instructions must be mingled prayer for them, prayer with them, and the teaching of them to pray. The early habit of prayer—oh! who can estimate its power and value? The simple hymns and prayers which we learn in childhood at our mother's knee, are never forgotten. John Quincy Adams remarked, near the close of his life, that he had never omitted repeating before he went to sleep, the prayer which his mother taught him when a little child:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

And the Lord's prayer, that prayer fitted to all ages and conditions, is made, too, for little children. "Our Father who art in heaven," is child-like language. It makes us feel that God is our Father. And this is the feeling we must aim to produce in the hearts of our children—that God is their Father, to whom they must look for protection, blessing, salvation, and happiness before all others. It is by daily habitual prayer, that this feeling will be cultivated. Thus a little child forms its dearest and most confiding intimacy, with the most glorious of all beings, and comes to live in the clear atmosphere of God's love.

3. In childhood, if ever, the bad passions must be weeded out, just as they begin to appear. The weeds are easily removed from a garden before they have taken deep root.

And here, first of all, let every tendency to prevarication and lying be checked. Truthfulness is the foundation of character. Let the manfulness, the moral dignity, and the imperative duty of always speaking the truth be inculcated. Let the meanness, the turpitude, and guilt of lying and prevarication be equally inculcated. Every sentiment of honor, and the whole moral sense, should be arrayed against lying, under every form and degree. Speak the truth in all things, on all occasions, under the strongest temptations not to speak it; in the face of shame and suffering speak it; speak it if ye die for it; for there is no gain or advantage to be put in the balance against speaking the truth. Thus ought we to teach our children from the earliest dawn of moral apprehension.

These three things once gained, viz., the habit of implicit obedience, the habit of prayer, and undeviating truthfulness, and then the way is open for every gracious influence, and every form of holy nurture. You have now withdrawn your child from the circle of worldly snares and unholy powers, and brought him to the place where heavenly order reigns, where sacred altars are kindled, and where angels pay their visits.

MRS. BROWN'S CHILDREN'S PARTY.

"JUST this once, dear mother; you know we have never been to one," pleaded Mary.

Ellen did not speak, but her blue eyes looked volumes of entreaty.

"Why not? What is your objection?" asked my brother from Iowa, who had come for a few days' visit. "I am sure I should like my-

self, to see a children's party, such as we used to have at home. Don't you remember the famous plays in Mr. Reed's dining-room, and at Squire Dickinson's? — Button, and Hunt the Slipper, and Blind Man's Buff, and Here we go around the Barberry Bush! I should be very sorry to be without such recollections, or to have my children grow up without them."

"I imagine that children's parties in New York are very different from those," said I; "but I know very little about them. I only know that they are too late in the evening, and I have heard that the refreshments are not at all suitable. Then there is danger of taking cold coming home, and the excitement will probably upset them for a day or two. These are my chief objections."

"But, mamma," said Mary, "you know aunt Mary said that we could go, and come back with Willie and Caro, in their carriage; and they will go for them, and see that we are all wrapped up nice and warm."

"How far is it?" asked my brother.

"About half a mile. Now, go, little girls, and I will think about it."

"By the way, Edward," said I, after they were gone, "do you remember that pretty girl, Jane Gibbs, who used to stand behind the counter in good old Mrs. Harris' shop?"

"Mrs. Harris the milliner? Yes, I remember there was a girl there, and she used to bring home your bonnets. I recollect mother's talking to her one day, and telling her she ought to go to school."

"This Mrs. Brown who is to give the party, is that young girl."

"Is it possible! Well, sister, I think that is another reason why you should accept her invitation. She might feel hurt if you declined."

"I confess I had the same feeling for a moment, but I think if you could see her in her present estate, you would not long be troubled by any such fears."

"I have quite a curiosity to see Jane Gibbs transformed into a fine lady," said my brother. "What a country this is! Liberty and Equality! If this is a specimen, you have as much of it here as we have at the West. But I do not know any thing against Mrs. Brown, or any reason why our children should not go to her children's party, or why you and I should not go in the course of the evening, and look in upon them."

"I should like to do so; and Mrs. Brown, I dare say, would be pleased to receive a call from you."

So the children received permission to go to the party.

"What shall we wear, mother?" asked Mary.

"That is easily decided," I replied, "as you have but one nice dress."

"What! our blue thibets? And can not we wear low-necked dresses, mamma?"

"Low-necked dresses in the middle of January! What are you thinking about, you crazy little kittens?" said her uncle, playfully shaking her shoulders; "I remember your mother once did that foolish thing, when she was a young lady, and suffered for it for months afterward."

"You need not fear that I have forgotten that folly, brother. No, Mary, dear, I can not think of such a thing as a low-necked or thin dress. You must wear your thibets if you go."

"Cousin Caro is going to wear a low-necked dress," said little Ellen. "She is having one made on purpose—a beauty; a pink silk with flounces."

"I can not help what cousin Caro is to wear; but my little girls will do as I think best, or else what use is there in having a mamma of their own?"

Mary came and kissed me, and said I was the best mamma in the world, and she had rather please me, than wear twenty low-necked dresses; and Ellen laughed, and said that she would too; and my brother laughed, and gave them each a toss up in the air.

The evening came, and the little ladies were arrayed in their light-blue merino, with lace in the neck and sleeves, and some very pretty muslin aprons, simply embroidered pantallettes, and neatly-fitted gaiters. They looked so fresh and pretty, that I felt, to say the least, no doubt as to their being sufficiently well-dressed, and was only afraid that they would be too conscious of it.

I had lived only a short time in New York, and had not many acquaintances in the city. My husband was absent at this time, and my sister-in-law had begged as a favor to her children, that mine might be allowed to accompany them, and said that they should come home in good season.

When her carriage came, it was nearly eight o'clock—my children's bed-time. We had long been expecting it, as the invitations were for seven. My little girls hurried into it, and off they drove.

"Is it not time for us to go?" asked my brother.

"Not quite, I think, I must change my dress."

"How absurd, for a children's party."

But I knew Mrs. Brown too well for that, added to my plain, black silk, a dress-cap and my best embroideries; and we reached Mrs. Brown's about half-past nine.

The house was lighted from top to toe, and as we rang, we heard a band of music within.

"But can this be the place?" asked my brother. "It can not be."

"Oh! yes, it is; but I am surprised to hear the music."

That, however, was a small beginning to the surprises. We were formally ushered into a large long drawing-room, and presented to Mrs. Brown. She was one of that class of ladies of whom it would be difficult to say what they would be in themselves; there were so many flowers and flounces and ends of ribbons, and bits of finery; so much jewelry, and so much

manner! She was *delighted* to see Mrs. Howard, and *extremely* happy to see Mr. Gilman, and extended two white-gloved fingers in a very condescending way. I saw one of brother's queer smiles hovering about his mouth, and was glad to see him turn his head, and take a survey of the scene.

But I don't think his face showed any less surprise; I did not think of looking to see, so absorbed was I by my own. There were two large parlors full of little ladies and gentlemen in white satin slippers, and white-kid gloves, rich silk dresses, trimmed with costly lace, artificial flowers, breast-pins, gold chains and watches, all the dress and all the airs of grown up belles and beaux. They were dancing, all of them, except my own Ellen and her favorite little friend, Jennie Carroll, who were sitting together, looking wearily and anxiously at the gay dancers. As soon as Ellen saw me, she sprang from her seat, and then turned to her companion and brought her to me.

"But why are you not dancing too?" asked my brother.

"Oh! I don't know how," she replied; "I can only jump, and Jennie can not dance either, so we were looking on."

But where is Mary?" asked I, and at the same moment discovered her flying toward me in the distance. She had not been taught to dance, but her vivacity and self-assurance, her musical ear and quick perceptions, supplied the deficiency.

"A beautiful sight, is it not, Mr. Gilman?" asked Mrs. Brown, in a very gracious tone.

"Pardon me, madam, but I think I never saw a sadder one."

"Why, what can you be thinking of?" That same strange smile was on my brother's face, as he answered solemnly, "I was thinking, madam, of an expression that was once used, '*Of such is the kingdom of heaven.*'"

"Yes, they do look like little angels, I am sure," replied the lady.

I did not dare to look at my brother. Fortunately, at that moment, little niece, Caro, came up to me. I hardly knew the child at first, in her finery. Somebody had broken her gold chain, and the locket had fallen to the floor and been crushed, and the hair lost. It was the hair of her little brother who was dead, and the locket contained his miniature. I tried to comfort her, but her peace was gone for the evening.

There were various incidents of the same kind. Three or four handsome bracelets were broken, and one expensive watch was ruined. However, the little gentleman owner declared with a very careless air, that it was no sort of consequence; his father would give him another the next day.

"Poor children!" said my brother. "What is there left for them when they grow up. Is this all they know of childhood?"

Mr. Brown, after rapidly making a large fortune in California, had traveled in Europe for the double purpose of spending and displaying his money. Other gentlemen of fortune bought pictures and statues, and he was a gentleman of fortune, why should not he? He valued beauty, as he did other things, by the dollars it cost. Thus, though he possessed some paintings of great merit and beauty, the gain was not his, so much as that of some of his guests; for he was not wise enough to know that beauty is no private possession, but belongs to all who see and love it. But he had paid for them, and they were on his walls; and very glad was I. My brother walked round leisurely, and made but few comments, but I saw that he was deeply moved, and there was a sad satire in his smile, as he turned from Madonnas, angels, and holy children on the walls, to the dressed-up, artificial little caricatures on the floor below. There was one picture—a lovely child, almost nude, seated on a bank of flowers, looking up, and listening to a

bird. There was a copy of the Bridgewater Madonna, so pure and unworldly. There was a sleeping child, surrounded by angels, who seemed to be giving it dreams of heaven. There were the Babes in the Wood. There was Christ blessing little children, and saying, "Suffer them to come unto me, and forbid them not." There was Christ rebuking his disciples by setting a little child in the midst of them. My brother looked intently at this, and then glancing around over the silks and laces, quietly remarked, "I wonder if one of these specimens would have answered the purpose." There was Paul preaching at Athens. There was the Choice of Hercules—"a most beautiful picture," as Mr. Brown assured me; and there were many others, all like these, telling of heroic virtues, of free nature, of purity, simplicity, and sanctity; and there, before their very eyes, in contradiction and mockery of their whole intent, was acted this preposterous farce—this sacrifice of the higher to the lower nature, of the heart of childhood to sense and mammon.

On looking around, I saw my little Ellen, and her friend, Jennie, standing before the picture of the child and flowers, and looking up to it, Jennie clasped her hands with delight. I went to them, and led them around to see the other pictures—the angels and the child Jesus—and thought how much more congenial was such companionship for these little ones, and what a wrong it was to rob them of the pure, natural pleasures of childhood. They, too, ought to be asleep, dreaming of angels, instead of being in that hot room, breathing already an atmosphere poisoned for both body and soul. Dear little Jennie! the angels soon took her to their own care.

GOLD is universally worshiped, without a single temple, and by all classes, without a single hypocrite.

"MIDNIGHT MUSINGS."

BY "MAURICE DELANCEY."

"BATHED in Slumber!" A beautiful expression, and one well adapted to express the thought. As the shell lies quietly on the ocean's pebbly bottom, while the waves above are rolling toward shore, so the body, worn by labor, sinks gently in the waves of oblivion; and sunk in their deepest depths, lies motionless, save the gentle heaving, which tells of "life" enclosed within the clay prison. How strange that we should so earnestly covet this strange bathing, which shuts up the senses and benumbs the faculties; which puts us so completely in the power of an enemy.

"It is well." It is an essential of our being, and it has been wisely arranged, that the state of repose shall be one of pleasure; and more, that if we depart from the line of rectitude, the want of it, shall be one of the penalties. Not "all" "bathed in slumber," are the inhabitants of earth, whose heads rest upon a pillow. There is a rich man sunk in his downy bed, with the finest of woven texture for his covering; but his, is not the attitude of repose. He remembers, as he communes with his thoughts in the long, lone silence of midnight, that in his haste to be rich, he wronged those who trusted him, and turned a deaf ear to entreaties for aid from those who held a rightful claim. He can drown the voice of conscience on the busy street, or in the counting-room; but here it will be heard, and he may not yet find the forgetfulness he covets.

The heavy velvet curtains fall noiselessly about a lady, whose jewels and rings speak of wealth and pride; but, although her feet have moved to music, until the small hours are being numbered, and tired nature would gladly seek its sweet restorer, yet sleep is far from her. There is envy in that fair breast; there is wounded ambition weeping there; another has been called more fair, and, although justice

might assert the decision just, yet pride rebels, and there, surrounded by the beautiful and rare, she is planning, not those deeds of charity, which would give peace to giver and receiver, but a way to outshine her rival. "She, too, may not sleep!"

There is a clerk lying wearily upon his couch in the heart of the great city. The noise has died away from the usually busy street, and he hears but the lengthened breathing which bespeaks a fellow "bathed in slumber." His thoughts are active still. He remembers a pleasant home in the country, where he played in childhood, and labored in youth. He remembers how his heart rebelled at the authority of a parent, and more, at the plain fare, and steady, honest toil of the farmer, and how he had thought in the city he might find wealth and ease. Now he thinks with pain, of the decision which has cost him dear—the one to leave home and friends, and "loving words, and gentle smiles," and seek pleasure among strangers. "Surely," he murmurs, "I thought to be a freeman, and I find it but slavery. A harder toil, and words of kindness few."

It were useless to attempt to number those who, through the hours destined for slumber, are kept wakeful by their own restless thoughts. Not all are kept thus by conscience's voice. Some, alas! who are planning deeds of revenge, of robbery, of murder even, have stifled the voice of that monitor, long, long ago; others still are musing on the distress of a friend, or weeping the memory of one lost.

"Happiness," too, contributes its share of non-sleepers. "Love"—and what is love but happiness? causes, it is said, more wakefulness, than toothache. How well does lover, or maiden sleep, when a certain important question has just been answered? I care not whether that answer be yes, or no, nor what the attendant circumstances, there will be long musings on the past, present, and future, ere nature conquers human nature.

"Curiosity" comes in for a share of the vast multitude, who are listening to clock strokes. "Fear, anxiety, and care;" what passion is there, that does not rob us at times of our rest? Riches bring care and poverty, brings want, and alike are their possessors troubled to woo the pleasant slumber. A little carelessness oftentimes drives our drowsiness far away, as we lie and think what *may* happen, or what *might* happen. A little fear causes us to hear strange sounds, and see strange sights, and the heavy eyelids become light in a moment, and the weary brain springs into activity again.

A little indiscretion in the matter of eating, causes many a wakeful hour. A late supper, or a hearty one, or an unusually good one, or, perchance, the partaking of fruit—all bring their bitter hours to offset the sweet ones, and if always they do not drive away slumber, they render it a laborious thing, causing us to commit deeds of horror, and suffer unspeakable terrors, in the shape of that strange delirious sensation termed nightmare." And even "Hope," the ever gentle, winning maid, is many times a foe to sleep. The person who rests well on the eve of departure for a pleasure trip, or a journey, is an anomaly; there are not many who can drive themselves asleep on such an occasion.

"There is a moral to all this." If it is pain which keeps the thoughts active, then is the true time to reflect upon what "law of our living" we have trespassed, and to form resolutions of amendment for the future. If any of the passions, especially the angry ones, are asserting their power, then must we learn by experience that, as they are miserable bed-fellows, our wisest plan is to drive them out. Guilt will surely cause the night to be dreaded, and it is well that it is so; it were well if the voice of conscience never would be silenced in any depths of transgression.

"Oh! these wakeful hours; we

are their debtors, much as we may dread them." They reproach us for angry words and uncharitable deeds; they teach us plainly, that "the way of the transgressor is hard." They give us clearer views of life than we can obtain amid its noise and bustle. We feel our own insignificance, as we dwell alone in the darkness, and reflect how little power the sleeper has over his own existence. Ofttimes, too, there come beautiful thoughts to the minds of the innocent, the loving and true, when the slumber is broken. "The thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," are they not often formed, and nay, do not they often flash into the mind, while the stars are "keeping vigil."

Surely if the heart is pure, if the motives are right, if our motto for the future is "onward and upward," then we may hope for pleasant thoughts, even if the night be long, and the clock's dull ticking our only companion.

COUNTRY GIRLS.

BY HATTIE HAWTHORNE.

WHILE reading an article in the January number of "THE HOME," entitled "A Woman's thoughts about Women," I thought I would like to say a few words in behalf of country girls. I thought some of her remarks far too sweeping. They may be applicable to young ladies in the cities and large villages, whom, as I am a farmer's daughter, I can know nothing about from my own observation. But if the section of country in which I live, is a fair criterion from which to judge, one who has nothing to do, and does nothing, is the exception and not the rule. It would be hard to find many who could not make a dress or shirt, sweep, wash, iron, and cook almost any kind of food.

They are not afraid of browning their faces and hands in picking strawberries and raspberries, peas and

beans, or of staining their fingers in preparing apples for the table. And when they are at leisure, their brown, hard hands do not deter them from enjoying some favorite author, or handling the pen, pencil, or brush, or playing the accordeon or melodeon. Few of them can boast a piano, but what need is there of it, where brothers and sisters, old and young, unite their voices in singing some merry song? If city mothers and daughters live in a manner deserving of reproof, let it be given them; but let country girls receive their due.

TRIBUTE TO THE UNSUCCESSFUL.

THE world too often pays homage to the successful man, though his triumph has been gained by stupendous crimes; while it has no word of sympathy or praise for the upright, who from extreme tenderness of conscience, has refused to acquire affluence or position at the sacrifice of truth or justice. The following paragraph is worthy of its accomplished author, George S. Hilliard. He says:

"I confess that increasing years bring with them an increasing respect for those who do not succeed in life, as those words are commonly used. Heaven is said to be a place for those who have not succeeded upon earth; and it is surely true, that celestial graces do not best thrive and bloom in the hot blaze of worldly prosperity. Ill-success sometimes rises from superabundance of qualities in themselves good — from a conscience too sensitive, a taste too fastidious, a self-forgetfulness too romantic, a modesty too retiring. I will not go so far as to say, with a living poet, that the 'world knows nothing of its greatest men,' but there are forms of greatness, or at least excellence, that 'die and make no sign;' there are martyrs that miss the palm, but not the stake; there are heroes without the laurel, and conquerors without the triumph."

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

BY-AND-BY.

IT is a great evil — this evanescent ghost of "By-and-by," which is forever beckoning us away from present duties and enjoyments, and cheating us of the substantial gifts, the modest "Now" would offer, by her large and ill-performed promises for the future. Why should we listen to the deceitful "By-and-by," when we have tested her want of faith so often? But the quiet "Now" will rarely fail to crown our efforts with the diamonds of success, and leave us to our rest, with the pleasant memory of tasks accomplished — of duties well performed. "Now" makes no friends with the sluggard — her votaries are found far up the path of honor and renown, or singing in the cheerful lanes of industry, or resting in the fruitful vales of peace. Let us then turn aside from the treacherous Will-o-the-wisp, whom we call "By-and-by," and clasping hands with the more trusty "Now," ask her to appoint our tasks, and measure our enjoyments. It is only by bringing it into subjection to the "Now," that we can make the "By-and-by" of service. There is always precious ore in that which "Now" offers, bound in iron, and roughly shielded, no doubt, but we shall surely find the gold, if we will have the courage to hammer it out.

If we do not accept the opportunities which the busy "Now" offers us for the training for our children, it is easy to see how little their "By-and-by" will be worth to them, or us. There is, perhaps, nothing in which the necessity of present action is so clearly pointed out to us, as in the instruction of our children. How soon the cherry mouth, and rose-tipped fingers of sweet infancy, are changed for the bearded lip, and sturdy hand of manhood. And the mother, who feels that but yesterday she was toying with the soft-cheeked boy at her knee, now looks up to the noble son, whose sinewy strength could fold her like an infant in his arms. The noble son! Yes, if she has never given the lessons of love and virtue he should receive at her hands, into the keeping of the deceitful "By-and-by."

We have but a day, as it were, to caress

the lovely babe in our arms, before it is up and away from us, like a butterfly out of its chrysalis. But as surely as we have understood and prized the brief time allotted us, to teach that babe the lore of love and truth, so surely will the bright wings return to us at their hour of rest, to hover in that atmosphere of affection and confidence, which we had made delightful for them at the dawn of life. The boy must con his tasks at school — the youth must plunge among life's busy cares — the daughter's fair hand must become skilled at the various tasks which beat up so firmly the warp and woof of woman's time; but each and all will come as often they can, to taste the enjoyment of that mother's love, which was not stinted to them in their infancy. And why should it be stinted? We have but a moment to enjoy the delights of infant life. Let us enjoy it then. "Do not let your babe interrupt your work" — is the cold, hard policy of some. Your work! Is not your babe your work? your highest duty, and your holiest enjoyment? Is there any other task that will reward you as well as the care you give him? There is no such wealth as a noble, loving child. And if you would have such children, see that in this thing, at least, you never trust your duties to the performance of the evanescent "By-and-by."

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

SLEEP.

It has been asserted, that the more "stupid and inactive we are, the more sleep we require — like the bear, the marmot, and swine, among the lower animals; while the active and intelligent, like the cat, tiger, and hare, require little." And many cases are given of those, who have accomplished the most of that which is worth accomplishing while they lived, who have slept but a very small portion of each twenty-four hours; making from three to five hours answer for their night's rest. If it is true, that the mental activity which we cultivate, diminishes our need of sleep, there is a strong motive

added for seeking to reach the highest state of culture attainable. For, in making the most of the waking hours allotted us, we really increase their number, and it is proved that "long life and length of days," are added literally to the man that "getteth understanding."

If we waste two hours of each day in sleeping more than nature requires, we lose one-tenth of each year, or nearly that; so that of every ten years of our lives, one whole year is worse than thrown away. For we are not only withdrawing our hand from the labor to which God has really appointed us, but are wasting our health in cultivating a languor that will grow upon us as we yield to it. A recent writer, in speaking of the noon of life, warns those who have reached the period of middle age, that upon the manner in which they yield to the insidious lassitude of sleep, or conquer it, will depend the usefulness and activity of their future lives. This, he hints, is the time for a man to decide whether in yielding to overmuch sleep, he will court the wrinkles and lassitude of premature old age, or whether he will turn a deaf ear to the body's increasing whispers for indulgence, and preserve that vigor and strength, which shall enable him to make the experience of years a mighty weapon in his hand.

There is no doubt that the young require more sleep than the old; or that a different amount may be required in different states of health, or at different periods of life. Any one who makes the attempt, can ascertain very nearly the amount of sleep his individual nature requires; and it is undoubtedly as injurious to health to go beyond, as to come short of this required amount. All great men, we believe, have been light sleepers. It is said of the Duke of Wellington, that when some one, surprised at the narrowness of his bed, told him that it was too narrow to turn in, the stern old Duke replied, "Yes! when a man begins to turn in his bed, it is time for him to turn out."

We believe in narrow beds, the customs of our country to the contrary notwithstanding. We were never of opinion, since we were old enough to believe any thing of our own personal faith, that any bed could be made wide enough for two persons to sleep

in, except in the single case of a mother and her infant child. A mother should always sleep with her babe, except, perhaps, in case of illness. It is a barbarous practice, to leave the little one alone in a crib, to become chilled and exhausted from throwing off the clothes, or from other causes. A mother may say, that she wakes at the first motion of her child; but we think there are few who do this. At least, we have often taken a babe—not our own, by any means—from its crib in the night, and found its body outwardly as cold as the stones of the pavement yonder. Of course, it is not only immediate suffering, but great injury to the health of the child, to become so chilled. Besides, the child, in its low state of physical life, needs the warmth—at least in cold weather—that it will find in sleeping with the mother. And by a beautiful provision of nature, it does not so much require the oxygen, of which, according to physiologists, it will obtain a smaller amount than in a bed by itself. But then, no child should be starved of oxygen, or air, by being placed between two grown up persons, for in this case, the heat will be too great, and the air too impure for health. With this one exception, health, neatness, and comfort, all require that each person should have his own bed, as well as his own clothing.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Clara Augusta."—Your articles are welcome. We are much pleased with your "Humility."

"K. C."—"Kate Cameron" is, we think, an older "nom de plume" than "Kate Carol," although it has never been used in "THE HOME" until recently. Moreover, it can hardly be called a "nom de plume," being (if we are not mistaken) a real name as far as it goes.

E. E. V. V.—You can doubtless make your articles sufficiently acceptable for the arrangement you propose.

M. J. U.—Your lines are accepted. We don't take "pay" for that sort of thing. We must have *intrinsic gold*, or none. Your confidence in our judgment, is a most virtuous one.

"Fact and Fancy" is accepted; so is "A

Letter to cousin John," and various other matter, which will appear as soon as we find space for it.

N. D. C.—It seems too obvious to think of mentioning, that one can never make even an approach to poetry, who can not write good prose. And yet, we agree with you, that there are some who are not aware of this plain fact. Thank you for your good words. Your contribution is on file for publication.

S. E. W.—Thank you for your conformity to our request for actualities.

J. N.—We shall be obliged to get a search warrant for the dead letter office at Washington, to obtain our cotton balls and mosses. We are just as grateful as if they had reached us, but not at all pleased with our loss.

"Amanda."—Are you a genius? If you are, come and see us. You will find the latch-string out. It is a long time since we have seen a real genius. In the meantime, take the sheet in the January HOME, and go round among your friends, and get up a club of ten subscribers at a dollar apiece. They ought all to take it. It is a great amount of literature for a small amount of money. Remember that thought and action should go hand in hand. The best thinkers are apt to be the best actors. It is of no account to be a genius, unless you can turn your genius to some account. Your contribution is welcome. You can do more than this, however, if you try aright.

OUR SUCCESS.

Notwithstanding the hard times, we have now a larger list of subscribers than we have had at the same time of any previous year. Thank you, kind friends. Continue your club making.

HINTS FOR THE KITCHEN.

Much of the inconvenience of culinary operations, is found in the want of all the suitable "tools" for the kitchen. It is much more trouble usually, to make cake by weight than by measure, simply because few have scales. The following we have found an excellent recipe:

FOR SPONGE-CAKE BY MEASURE.—Four medium-sized eggs; one cup of white coffee sugar, rubbed fine with a rolling-pin; one rounded cup of sifted flour; lemon, or other flavoring to the taste; soda the size of a *small pea*, and twice the quantity of cream of tartar, well-pulverized with the blade of a knife. Much depends in making good sponge-cake, on the *manner* of putting the ingredients together. Separate the white from the yolks, beating the yolks with the sugar in an earthen dish. Then beat the whites on a plate, with a common table knife, until all is in a stiff froth, that can be *cut*. Add this, with seasoning; then soda, and cream of tartar; stir quickly for a moment; and last, add the flour, and only stir sufficiently to work it in. *Much stirring sponge-cake, of any kind, after the flour is added, spoils it.*

The above, makes *one* nice loaf, on a *deep, square* tin, to be baked in a quick oven twenty or twenty-five minutes. It is safer from burning, to put a piece of buttered white paper on the bottom of the tin, for if it burns one particle on the bottom, it is injured. If more than one loaf is desired, we think it is better to make as many different times as loaves are required. When eggs are abundant in the spring and summer, there is nothing to our taste, in the way of cake, nicer than *good* sponge-cake.

MRS. J. E. FOOTE.

CHEAP EATING.—Three and a half pounds of corn (Indian) meal, a handful of salt, one tea-spoonful, or not (we would prefer the *not*) of carbonate soda; mix well, and pour over it a sufficient amount of *boiling* water to soften the whole; then pour on a quart of cold water; sprinkle over it three-quarters of a pound of dry flour, and stir well. Divide into five puddings; put each into a floured cloth, tie tight; put into boiling water, and boil three hours; eat it hot, or cold, or fried. It is said that this will give a family of twelve persons two hearty meals, at a cost of twenty-five cents. Eat it with syrup.

THE *gambrel*, or "vein piece" of a "beef," is the lower part of the muscle of the hind leg; it has no bone in it, and sells for eight cents a pound, when a steak or roasting piece costs eighteen cents a pound. Three pounds of this, boiled most thoroughly, will

make soup enough for a family of eight persons, for two dinners; and if the meat itself is set away cold, it will make a pleasant relish for three minor meals besides. There is no waste in it, and all for twenty-five cents.—*Hall's Medical Journal.*

EXCELLENT PLAIN CAKE.—One cup of sweet milk; one of sugar; one-half molasses; one-half butter; three of flour; one-half pound chopped raisins; two tea-spoonfuls of cream of tartar; one of soda; one of salt; one of cloves; one of cinnamon; one of nutmeg. Extract of lemon or rose-water if desired.

Mix the cream of tartar thoroughly with the flour, and dissolve the soda in the milk. Mix as usual. One-half lard can be used instead of all butter for shortening.

SUPERIOR CAKE.—To the above ingredients add two eggs well-beaten, and one cup of English currants, and you will have an extra nice cake.

SALLY LUNDS.—One quart of flour and two eggs; one pint of sweet milk; two table-spoonfuls of sugar; piece butter, of the size of two eggs, rubbed into the flour with a little salt, and two tea-spoonfuls of cream of tartar; one spoonful of soda, dissolved in the milk. Bake in a quick oven, in cups, twenty minutes. Used to take the place of biscuit for tea.

BATTER PUDDING.—One quart of milk; three eggs; one-half tea-spoonful of soda; a little salt; mix to thin batter with flour (thinner than fritters.) Bake in cups twenty minutes; eat with sauce. It is equally as nice, and probably more convenient, to bake in a pudding-dish.

BREAD AND BUTTER PUDDING.—A layer of quartered sour apples; a little nutmeg and sugar; a layer of dry bread buttered, (no matter how dry;) another layer of apples, with sugar and nutmeg as before; and so

continue, until you have filled your pan, the first and last layer being apples; add one cup of water, or sufficient to wet the bread. Bake one hour, in a moderate oven; eat without sauce.

LEMON PIE.—Take three good-sized lemons; squeeze the juice, and chop the peel, and mix with two cups of molasses, one cup of sugar, two eggs, and a little salt. Pastry as for any pie. Cover the bottom crust with a moderate thickness of prepared lemons; put over this second crust; then place more of the prepared lemon, and cover up with top crust.

EXTRA NICE BAKED APPLES.—Take sour apples — those of a keen acid — and to every square tin filled with them, pour over a tea-cupful of water, and a tea-cupful of sugar. Bake slowly till done. Eat with cream, and the juice that cooks from them. This is indeed excellent.—*American Agriculturist.*

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.—The March number of Graham is received, and contains after its supply of finely-colored plates, a goodly portion of interesting matter. Graham is always pithy. The "Late Foreign Pickings, Collected, Selected, and Recollected by the Editor," is one of the best things to be found in it. The remarks of the editor to his correspondents, too, are fresh and healthy. A good draught of them might prove invigorating to the whole corps of newspaper and magazine writers.

LADY'S HOME MAGAZINE.—This welcome magazine for March, contains a continuation of "The Young Governess," by T. S. Arthur, besides many specimens from Miss Townsend's facile pen. Miss Townsend excels in the boys' and girls' treasury, which is indeed a treasury to the little ones of a household.